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"ANY THING FOR A CHANGE."

Exile Tweed to Usufructuary Tilden. "Let us usufruct or change. That's the best thing you can do about it."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited double-page engraving, entitled*

ATTACKED BY INDIANS,

a picture illustrating the modern life of Turkish women, and a page of Alpine sketches.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A REASON FOR "A UNITED SOUTH."

MR. MANTON MARBLE truly says that Mr. TILDEN'S "position in respect to the war was never open to the slightest doubt." It certainly was not.

In 1854 he said to PRESTON KING that the formation of the Republican party in opposition to the slave oligarchy

"would either be a political blunder, or it would be a political crime, in creating a conflict in which the government would probably perish."

In October, 1860, he wrote to WILLIAM KENT that the framers of the Constitution

"recognized no right of constitutional secession, but they left revolution organized when it should be demanded by the public opinion of a State—left it with power to snap the tie of confederation, as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion, as a nation might repel invasion."

In February, 1861, he declared at the Tweddle Hall Convention that

"he for one would resist, under any and all circumstances, the use of force to coerce the South into the Union."

In April, 1861, he refused to sign a simple patriotic call for a public meeting in New York upon the fall of Sumter.

In February, 1863, he was one of a dozen of the extremest "Copperheads" in the city of New York who formed a society to publish and diffuse, in the darkest hour of the war, the most virulent "Copperhead" speeches and pro-slavery documents, which was doing the work of the rebellion as effectually as shipping arms and ammunition to the rebels. This society of Mr. TILDEN'S published, among other things, a speech of JAMES BROOKS, in which he said that Mr. LINCOLN'S proclamation of September, 1862,

"seems to contemplate the exciting of the slaves to the destruction not only of their masters, but of women and children."

It published a speech of Mr. PUGH, in which he declared that

"the war might have been avoided....had not ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the leaders of the Republican party refused—constantly, persistently, stubbornly refused—any terms whatsoever....We have no Governor, in truth, we have only a being....If I am arrested, as I may be to-morrow or before sundown, and dragged into the presence of a military commission, as VALLANDIGHAM was, will you act?"

It published a speech of RICHARD O'GORMAN when HORATIO SEYMOUR was Governor of New York, and the rebels hoped he would try to withdraw the State from the war. Mr. O'GORMAN said, and Mr. TILDEN'S society published and diffused his words:

"I fear much that, under the pretext of restoring the Union, we are strengthening the hands of those whose policy tends to destroy our liberties. Do you ask what, then, is to be done? I say the first thing to be done is to arm the State of New York....Let our soldiers be drilled, then, not merely for parades in the streets, but in camps of instruction, and let them be prepared as men to defend the rights of our State.... Although the Union may fall, liberty may be preserved, and the State may be sovereign yet....Let us remember that each State in its inherent sovereignty is independent in itself. Then we are for the Union as long as it can be supported."

This was what Mr. TILDEN and his society were publishing and diffusing to cheer the soldiers in the field and strengthen the national patriotic purpose at home in the most critical moment of the struggle. Mr. MARBLE says truly that Mr. TILDEN'S "position in respect to the war was never open to the slightest doubt." It certainly was not, any more than that of FERNANDO WOOD, VALLANDIGHAM, or JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In August, 1864, Mr. TILDEN was the New York member of the platform committee of the Chicago Democratic Convention, which reported, without dissent, a resolution denouncing the war as a failure, and demanding a cessation of hostilities.

These facts are undeniable; and whoever may be the NATHAN murderer, as the Boston *Herald* humorously suggests, these facts establish that Mr. TILDEN gave his money, his time, his influence by word and pen, to the cause of the rebellion. He served it very much more effectively than he could have served it in the field. He declared the course of the Government not only to be constitutionally indefensible, but practically futile and hopeless. He encouraged in the publications of his society the most rancorous hostility to the Administration and to the war. In the same way he paralyzed patriotism and discouraged the raising of men and money. Finally, he declared the war a failure; and when his words were disproved by the event, he joined in WADE HAMPTON'S declaration, in the Democratic Convention of 1868, that the reconstruction acts were revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void. And all this he did under the plea of preserving the constitutional guarantees of liberty—a plea made in the interest of an infamous conspiracy to overthrow this government and perpetuate slavery upon this continent. After a war so fierce, prolonged, and consuming, to maintain the Union—a contest in which his views and his efforts were hostile both to liberty and to the great principle of the Union—a war which has left strong passions inflamed and momentous issues springing from it to be met and treated—is there any reason why a man who held in 1860 that the Union was a "tie of confederation" which any State might rightfully "snap," and who gave his money, his reasoning, and his countenance to those who were trying to snap it, should now be made the Chief Magistrate of the Union merely because he calls himself a "reformer?"

AN UNMISTAKABLE SIGN.

THE Republican Governor of South Carolina, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, has justified all that was urged in his favor when he was elected. We opposed his election, but we have praised his administration. The best Democrats of the State have praised him, and he has had the honor of the abuse of the worst Republicans within and without South Carolina. He has withstood legislative extravagance, and he has firmly defied the section of his party which demanded the election of men like MOSES and WHIPPER to the judicial bench. Governor CHAMBERLAIN, moreover, has been perfectly courteous and considerate toward his political opponents. He has shown them that in a peculiarly difficult position he has sought to allay party spirit and to promote the common good of all citizens and interests in the State. South Carolina is Republican by virtue of the large colored vote. But with an unprincipled part of this vote the course of the Governor has made him unpopular. Here was the great opportunity—the Southern Democratic opportunity—to prove both its patriotism and its good sense. Its evident policy was to support CHAMBERLAIN, not as a Republican, but as an honest and courageous magistrate. Such a course would have accomplished what is now most desirable in every Southern State, the union of the intelligent white and colored voters. It was, indeed, the very opportunity which the solution of the Southern situation demands, and its existence is evidence of the great sagacity of the Governor. The use of the opportunity was the test of Democratic patriotism and sagacity in the treatment of the Southern question. But the chance has been lost by that fatuity which curses the Democratic party.

Instead of refraining from nominations of their own, with the understanding that they would support the nomination of CHAMBERLAIN, and so assuring it, the Democrats have nominated for Governor the most conspicuously "unreconstructed rebel" in the State—WADE HAMPTON. Few men in South Carolina before the war understood what free, popular, republican government was, and Mr. HAMPTON least of all. He was a fire-eater of the fire-eaters. He fought desperately through the war, and was heart-broken and defiant at its close. He came to the Democratic National Convention of 1868 full of the spirit of General FRANK BLAIR'S letter to Colonel BRODHEAD, and he said in a speech soon afterward that he was very anxious that the Convention should declare that suffrage was a question belonging exclusively to the States. The Northern Democrats, he said, replied that they had a hard fight, and must not prejudice "the North" more than they could help, but that they would do all that was possible "to restore to us the Constitution as it had existed." Mr. HAMPTON then assented to the resolutions as proposed, if he might be allowed to add these words: "And we declare that the reconstruction acts are revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void." Mr. HAMPTON continued:

"When I proposed that, every single member of the committee—and the warmest men in it were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end. Having thus pledged themselves, I feel assured that when the Democratic party come to triumph, they will show us a remedy for our misfortunes in their own good time, for which I am perfectly willing to wait."

Mr. HAMPTON now accepts the nomination upon a platform which declares the acceptance "in perfect good faith" of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments. But unfortunately he is the candidate of all who do not accept them, and who do nothing to make them acceptable. His candidacy was opposed upon this very ground by the better class of Democrats in the State, and their defeat is the conclusive evidence of the real spirit of the controlling element of the party. Had the Democrats of South Carolina ever shown that they accepted, not, indeed, gladly, but loyally, the results of the war which they began, the State would have been very much less "prostrate" than they now assert it to be. General HAMPTON and the intelligent Democrats around him know very well that mere numbers are always controllable by intellectual and moral mastery. If their conduct had shown the colored voters that Democrats were as truly friendly to them as Republicans, the colored vote would have been divided long ago. And if, again, the Democrats had shown by a hearty support of Governor CHAMBERLAIN in this election that they were really intent upon good government in the way most certain to secure it, they would have done more in that one act than they have ever done to prove what they constantly assert, that they do respect the amendments, and desire only relief from the oppression of ignorant and dishonest government. Why can they not see that they must be and will be judged not by their words, but by their acts? The nomination of WADE HAMPTON is a defiance of the patriotic and conservative sentiment of the whole country, and should show it just what it has to expect from Mr. TILDEN, elected by a "united South."

THE TRUE ISSUE.

A FEW Massachusetts Liberals, some of whom have openly acted with the Democratic party since 1872, and the chief of whom, Mr. BIRD, declared in the spring that any candidate who could be nominated by the Democrats would be preferable to any Republican, have now pronounced for Mr. TILDEN. Their allegation is the usual one. There is, they say, no hope of reform from the Republicans, and the only way, therefore, is to turn them out. But that depends upon what they propose to turn in. They represent themselves as impartial and nonpartisan; they are only patriotic and looking out for the common welfare. Their question should therefore be how they can throw their influence and votes to the best advantage. Neither party satisfies them. But can they doubt, if they are close observers of public affairs, that the reform element or section is infinitely more powerful and sincere in the Republican than in the Democratic party? The solitary argument to the contrary is that "the reform" candidate was nominated at St. Louis, and was not nominated at Cincinnati. But the practical and conclusive answer to it is that the reform section of the Republicans procured the nomination of Mr. HAYES, while that of Mr. TILDEN was effected only by the assent of the anti-reform element, as a good "cry" for the campaign. It is a deception from the beginning.

The gentlemen in question are, so to speak, "naturally" Republicans. Uniting with the Republican reform section, they could greatly increase its force and momentum. But merged in the Democratic party, they merely add their votes to those of KELLY, MORRISSEY, HILL, TUCKER, the inflationists, and the White League. Their assertion that Mr. HAYES must necessarily be controlled by the worst Republicans, and Mr. TILDEN by the best Democrats, is wholly without reason. Mr. TILDEN has been always and only a Democratic politician. He always "went with his party." In the war he was a Copperhead. Under TWEED he was silent and co-operative until TWEED, without Mr. TILDEN'S aid, was exposed. When his party arose against him, Mr. TILDEN arose, but not before. His present position is precisely the same. His party is now in great part inflationist, as its St. Louis platform and candidate for the Vice-Presidency prove. Mr. TILDEN trims accordingly. None of the gentlemen of whom we speak would probably insist that his letter was frank and candid, or that it was not an attempt to blow hot and cold. The same qualities that throughout his long political career have made him only a Democratic politician, moved by the sentiment of his party, would make him a President of the same kind. And unless these gentlemen believe there is a reform element in the Democratic party which is in the ascendant, they have no reason to expect reform, whatever change may follow, from Democratic success.

Mr. TILDEN is already entangled in a hopeless web of explanations to save his personal character. All these gentlemen were very much exercised by Mr. BLAINE'S connection with railroads. But there was no personal imputation upon Mr. BLAINE like that which rests upon Mr. TILDEN both in the Terre Haute Railway case and in the matter of the income tax. If his conduct in these instances seems to them an illustration of the kind of probity which "reformers" demand, reformer is likely to become a by-word. The theory that the Republicans need four years of discipline, and will return to power four years hence purified and restored, is the suggestion of artless ignorance. If the Democrats return to power, with all the patronage of the government, which Mr. TILDEN will use as General JACKSON used it, they will return to stay. The force of the party will lie, as before, in the united South. Its policy will be dictated by those who are in earnest, like LAMAR and his friends. Mr. TILDEN will write Jeffersonian essays approving their principles, and co-operate with them as he co-operated with TWEED. He will make special pleas, and finally surrender to the party policy, as he has surrendered to HENDRICKS. He joins in demanding the repeal of the resumption clause, just as he would have joined in demanding the repeal of the Missouri Compromise when his party required it. The question at issue is not Republicans for four years or Democrats for four years. It is the direction of the national policy by the friends or the foes of the political principles that prevailed in the war.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

THOSE who think that they expect purification of politics from a Democratic restoration should study the political history of the last fortnight in the State of New York. It is the chief arena of the national election, and the home of the Democratic candidate, an experienced and wily party politician, to whom, for the purposes of the canvass, his party ostensibly defers. It is also the State in which what is called the Republican "machine" is most powerful and most thoroughly organized. During the fortnight the two party Conventions assembled, and their action is a fair index of the real situation.

The Republican Convention represented a party sentiment and purpose which broke the "machine" in advance, and was so resolute and uncompromising that it compelled the total abandonment even of the secondary "machine" plans. It nominated for Governor Mr. MORGAN, who, in common with Mr. EVARTS, had been named by the great mass of county conventions throughout the State as a candidate acceptable to reform Republicans. It nominated for Lieutenant-Governor SHERMAN S. ROGERS, a man of the highest character and ability, in no poor sense a politician, and in thorough accord with the purest and best Republican sentiment of the country. And for Judge of Appeals it named GEORGE F. DANFORTH, a man worthy to stand with his associates upon the ticket. The Convention further declared the letter of Governor HAYES to be the civil service platform of the party. It demanded specie resumption under the existing act; and omitting wholesale applause of the Administration, justly recognized the patriotic services of the retiring Republican President. It was a Convention whose acts and words were plain, definite, and significant. It was controlled by the principle and intelligence in the Republican party, with which Governor HAYES is in the fullest sympathy, and which will inevitably control his Administration—the intelligent patriotism which sees the need of the country now, as it saw its peril in 1860.

This is the Republican showing of the last fortnight in New York. The Democrats have also held their Convention. It assembled under no common impulse or inspiration except that of the hope of party victory. No candidate was spontaneously indicated by any general sentiment of progress or reform in the party. The reformer MORRISSEY compelled the reformer KELLY to grant him terms, and the St. Louis platform was affirmed. Then the Convention became a mob. The only candidate who, as the friend of Mr. TILDEN, was supposed to represent Democratic reform, was hooted out of the nomination for the chief place. When his name was presented, the Convention, with exquisite instinct, shouted, "Give us a Democrat!" For it knew that "a Democrat" no more meant "reform" than old Bourbon means Champagne, and old Bourbon prevailed. The Convention nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR, who is a very proper candidate, because he stands for the truth, which is that the Democratic party is essentially unchanged. He was a Copperhead of Copperheads, the president of the Dem-

ocratic surrender Convention of 1864, and the Democratic candidate of 1868 upon a platform of repudiation, and of the declaration that reconstruction is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. Mr. SEYMOUR is merely a representative of the *ante-bellum* Democracy. His nomination was not asked in the interests of any pretense of reform, and he is solely a symbol of absolute reaction.

This is the political history of a fortnight in New York, the central point of the campaign. Can any candid man doubt with which party the demands and issues of today are safer?

INDIANA.

IT is not surprising that public interest should be concentrated upon Indiana, for the contest in that State is of paramount significance and importance. The ability and will of the Republicans to deserve the confidence of their State and the whole country was shown by the withdrawal of Mr. ORTH as the candidate for Governor, when a single question was raised as to the propriety of his general conduct while in Congress. BEN HARRISON was substituted—a man of the highest character and great popularity. Universal confidence and enthusiasm have followed his nomination, and the whole State is stirred and aroused by the energy and vigor of the campaign. General HARRISON has himself taken the stump, and although he was very reluctant to accept the nomination, he has thrown himself with the utmost patriotism and untiring effort into the canvass. He is a man whose family name is identified with the growth and renown of his State; but his claim upon the hearty and universal support of his fellow-citizens of Indiana, and upon the sympathy and good wishes of honest people throughout the country, is not derived from the standing and service of others. General HARRISON is the representative in this canvass of that reform in politics which the country requires, and which is most earnestly and significantly demanded by Republicans.

The great interest of the Indiana election is not only that Indiana is the doubtful "October" State, but that a Republican victory is the earnest of the sure triumph of purer politics. The Democratic cry of reform is merely the demand of change. There is no known reforming element in the Democratic party. The real forces and influences that will control its policy are not only not those of reform, but they are such as necessarily to fill every patriotic heart with apprehension. The cardinal necessity of the country is the final overthrow of the old Democratic organization, in order to make new political associations possible. Indiana, as the brave van-guard in the contest, deserves the utmost sympathy and aid. New York, which is perhaps the centre of the November struggle, has sent many eloquent sons to her sister State. There are others as earnest, if not as eloquent, who would gladly join them if more pressing duties did not forbid. But the men of Indiana may be sure that they are watched with the most friendly and hopeful interest, and that the higher and braver the strain of their discussions, the greater will be the general satisfaction and the surer their victory.

A NEW LIGHT UPON "REFORM."

MR. TILDEN was a stronger candidate on the day of his nomination than he has ever been since, or will be again. He came late into public life, and was known out of this State only as a "reform" Governor. But since his nomination his record has been thoroughly explored, and the investigation has confirmed the opinion that we expressed when he was a candidate for the Governorship, that he is, above all and before all, a crafty Democratic politician. The evidence of this accumulates on every hand and with every day; and his more ingenious advocates are now obliged, as shown by the *World's* treatment of Governor MORGAN'S nomination and the *Nation's* apology for the Terre Haute Railway transaction, to sneer at all "charges" as merely ridiculous and partisan.

The story in regard to Mr. TILDEN'S evasion of payment of his income tax is treated in the same airy way by his private secretary. On the 26th of December, 1863, Mr. TILDEN made oath that his net income from all sources for the year 1862 was $7118. A few weeks since he acknowledged the receipt in the same year (1862) of a counsel fee of $20,000 in the Terre Haute Railroad case. Here was an undeniable and irreconcilable difference of statement. And at this point, in response to the general demand, the private secretary steps forward and says, not that Mr. TILDEN did not receive the fee, but that it covered the work of several years, and ought not to be considered as income for that single year. The secretary added that "that was all there was of the matter." This plea is, of course, as available for a merchant or for any body else as for a lawyer. And if the income of a business in the year 1862 had been a hundred thousand dollars, the proprietor could have alleged, with Mr. TILDEN'S secretary, that it should really be considered as the result of the skill and labor devoted to the business for twenty years, not as the income of that year. And that would be "all there was of the matter."

The truth is that Mr. TILDEN and his friends have been driven to omit for a while urging his great claims as a "reformer," to explain transactions incessantly brought to light which involve his fair and honorable dealing as a man. In his speech at Albany on the evening of his nomination he drew a frightful picture of the "abuses, peculations, frauds, and corruptions" which he saw upon every hand. But if they do abound, and if they are, therefore, to be corrected, why should the country select as the head of the work a gentleman who, having received a single fee of twenty thousand dollars in one year, evaded the payment of the income tax upon it, and who, in settling the affairs of an embarrassed railroad, appropriated a surplus to his own pocket? If reform be necessary, certainly there is a choice in reformers.

A PROBABLE BLUNDER.

As we write, the nomination of General BUTLER to Congress seems to be imminent in Massachusetts. If it should be made, the Republicans of the Lowell district will have dealt a blow at the Republican canvass and candidates every where. One of the significant proofs of the vitality and moral power of the Republican party which commended it to the confidence of the country was the defeat of General BUTLER by Republican votes in 1874. His nomination is the sign of a dangerous reaction, and his defeat becomes a Republican duty. Governor HAYES is especially the candidate of hard money and of reform. General BUTLER is not a hard-money man, and sneers at reform. How many of that independent class of Republicans whose votes are indispensable to success do the Lowell district brethren suppose would wish to remain in a party of which the general and politicians of his school were leaders? His nomination would be the same kind of Republican blunder, although on a smaller scale, as the Democratic nomination of WADE HAMPTON in South Carolina.

The act of a Republican Convention in one district of one State is not, of course, to be regarded as the act of the party, or as an indication of its sympathy; and the nomination of BUTLER would not be so significant as the withdrawal of ORTH in Indiana or the recent action of the New York Convention. Those are signs of the real and general spirit of the party. But the BUTLER nomination, if made, will be "nuts" to the Democrats, while the Republican cause and chances can not possibly gain by it. Should the tactics of General BUTLER succeed in securing the Convention and the nomination, we trust that the Republican voters of the district will not tolerate so serious an injury to the Republican cause and to the chances of HAYES and WHEELER as an uncontested canvass. A second Republican candidate might, indeed, give the district to a Democrat. But it is a sacrifice that might well be made as an earnest of the real character and purpose of the party. For if General BUTLER represents the politics that is coming in with HAYES, even the vote of Massachusetts would be in doubt.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

THE Republican State nominations in New York have been received every where with the utmost satisfaction. They are variously interpreted, but there is no interpretation which does not admit the party courage and ability to renounce courses which imperiled success. There has been a great deal of amusing twaddle about the awful conspiracy against Senator CONKLING, and the paying off of old scores against all and sundry by Mr. THURLOW WEED. The simple truth of the nomination is that the "reform" Republicans had been elected by conventions which declared for Mr. MORGAN or Mr. EVARTS, while the "machine" Republicans knew that even if Mr. CORNELL could be nominated, he could not be elected. Mr. MORGAN was a more satisfactory candidate to the "workers" than Mr. EVARTS, for precisely the same reason that Mr. TILDEN would be more satisfactory to the corresponding element of Democrats than Mr. O'CONOR. This simple situation, and not the mysterious manipulations of the Machiavelian Mr. WEED, explains the nomination. It was received with so great favor because it was known to be the act of a Convention in which the best Republican sentiment was so powerful.

It has been so understood, and justly understood, out of the State. The candidacy of Mr. EVARTS, although in itself unsuccessful, procured the final result. Indeed, the composition of the Convention showed in advance that the supremacy of "the machine" was broken. Nobody objects to "a machine" in the sense of thorough party organization. But every sensible man objects to "a machine" as the director of the party. There were certain instances at Saratoga of the despotism of "the machine" in that view, which were in the highest degree illustrative of the monstrous system of our civil service in destroying political independence and personal self-respect. These illustrations will serve a good purpose in due time. Meanwhile the party is thoroughly united for the campaign in support of one of the strongest tickets ever nominated by the Republicans of New York, and upon a platform which expresses real convictions. The declaration in regard to the President has been carefully misrepresented as an unequivocal approval of every act of the Administration. But it was precisely because it was not that that it was received with such universal applause. Is there any fair-minded American who would not unite with the Republicans of New York in tendering "to the President of the United States, upon the approaching completion of his official term, the assurance of their profound respect and gratitude for those illustrious public and patriotic services which will secure his name an imperishable place in history?" The Republicans of New York are not ashamed of the great results of the war, nor unmindful of those who secured them.

A "CHARGE" NOT DISPOSED OF.

MR. TILDEN'S conduct in the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad case having become the subject of judicial investigation, the *Nation* makes a most extraordinary defense for him. The facts are that certain securities of the road, remaining in Mr. TILDEN'S hands, with others, as a purchasing committee after the reorganization, were divided by them among themselves, although they had been already fully paid for their services. They assert that this was "a small remuneration," and that it was "satisfactory to the parties concerned." That this is incorrect, however, is proved by the fact that it is "the parties concerned" who now bring suit against Mr. TILDEN. The *Nation* justifies the appropriation of the securities by Mr. TILDEN and his friends, and denounces the exposure of the business as a "scandalous abuse of the power of the press."

But its own position seems to us to be a fresh symptom of the prevalent demoralization. Mr. TILDEN'S apologist does not see that if there be any surplus in the settlement of an estate after paying all the legatees, such surplus does not in any event belong to the administrators, but must go to the heirs at law.

The *Nation* makes this transaction an occasion for ridiculing "charges" against candidates. We can not congratulate it upon its success. No "defense" or explanation has as yet disturbed the "charges" that Mr. TILDEN was essentially disloyal during the war, and that he was in practical co-operation with TWEED until every body rose against him. If the *Nation's* apology for the Terre Haute transaction is the best that can be offered, Mr. TILDEN'S claims as a "reformer," whether in politics or elsewhere, are simply grotesque.

PERSONAL.

MEHEMET ALI PASHA, who commands the Turkish troops in Bosnia, is the son of a Frenchman settled in Berlin. His father, named DETROIS, was formerly harpist of the Royal Theatre in that city. About forty years ago he confided his son to a Prussian captain then going to the Levant. On arriving in the Bosphorus, the lad deserted from the ship to escape the ill treatment he received on board, and took refuge with a great Turkish seigneur, by whom he was placed at school. The youth embraced the Mohammedan religion, and made rapid progress. Thirty years later he was a general of division, pursuing brigands in Thessaly. It was by the greatest of hazards that the father discovered that MEHEMET ALI PASHA was his son. As soon as he knew it he informed the latter of his wretched condition, and the son immediately sent to him a sum of money through the Ottoman embassy at Berlin, asking for the blessing of his parent, whom he had supposed to be long dead.

—One of the great farmers of the world is Captain RICHARD KING, of San Gertrudes, about thirty miles from Corpus Christi, Texas. In March last he sold to one person, from Kansas, 26,000 head of horned cattle (all out of his own stock) for the sum of $327,000, deliverable in Kansas, $100,000 paid down in cash, and the balance on delivery. He sent off the stock in thirteen droves, which arrived all safe. To be certain of the full delivery, he added 5000 extra head, and still has left some 50,000 head, besides 25,000 head of sheep, and 7000 or 8000 head of horse and mule stock. He has some 60,000 acres of land under fence, and is now fencing in 60,000 acres more, and still has 140,000 acres in and about the same tract. It took 700 men to drive this lot of stock, and upward of $50,000 for the outfit.

—Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee, is one of the most successful mendicants of the time. During his recent raid upon the purses of the nobility and gentry of England for contributions in aid of the University of the South, an Episcopal institution at Suwanee, Tennessee, he gathered up the truly good sum of $73,800, of which amount one gift of $35,000 was made anonymously.

—President CLARK, late of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been received with honor by the officials of Japan, and will open the Agricultural College at Saffera in September.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, Sen., of Long Branch, sold in 1842 for $1400 three hundred acres of land in Ocean Township, the whole of which is now covered with cottages and hotels, and is valued at $1,500,000.

—NICHOLAS BIDDLE, a colored man who was wounded during the passage of the Massachusetts troops through Baltimore at the opening of the rebellion, and who is supposed to have been the first person whose blood was shed in the civil war, died a few days since at Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

—DANIEL WEBSTER'S pleasure yacht, the *Lapwing*, is still owned at Marshfield by an old man named DOHERTY, who uses her for fishing and mossing.

—Mr. OEHSBERG, a Swedish mechanician, claims to have invented, and Captain AHLSTROM, a compatriot, to have matured for practical use, a dress which will enable the wearer to dash with impunity into the fiercest fire. It is described thus: "It resembles that of the divers who descend to the bottom of the sea, is made of strong canvas, is double, and so quilted that water can run freely between the outside and inside in all directions. The inner dress has a space between it and the body of the wearer, to be filled with air. At a recent semi-public trial, the inventor was seen to plunge into a large fire, and stand for some moments in the middle of the flames."

—The Rev. L. TYERMAN, author of *The Life and Times of John Wesley*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has now in the press a biography of GEORGE WHITEFIELD. Original letters, pamphlets, and documents, in many instances unknown to his previous biographers, have come into Mr. TYERMAN'S possession. The work will be as exhaustive as possible, and will be published at the end of the present year.

—The greatest living Danish poet, CHRISTIAN WINTHER, completed his eightieth year on the 29th July. He lives in Paris, where he received a large number of addresses from students and others on the occasion.

—M. ROUDAIRE has ascertained, by explorations in Algiers, the feasibility of making an inland sea by cutting through to the Mediterranean. He states as a fact that the surface of the country is such that a sea can be formed having a breadth of thirty-six and a length of two hundred and ten miles. The expenses are estimated at from eighty to one hundred million francs, and the Tunisian government will bear its share. If it is possible, work will be begun next year.

—HENRY RIVIÈRE, a French dramatic writer, commands the frigate *La Vire*. He writes to a friend at Paris: "We sail to-morrow for Noumea, passing by the Wallis Isles, where we are to leave a hand-organ that the government has presented to the queen."

—The death of Mr. J. O. PETTIBONE, of Simsbury, Connecticut, leaves the class of forty-two men graduated from Yale in 1805 without a single living representative. Mr. PETTIBONE was eighty-nine years old. Longevity seems to be the rule at Simsbury. Mr. ENO (the owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel) has long since retired from active life, and in the summer spends his well-earned repose in the family mansion at Simsbury; but his venerable mother, now over ninety, still regards him as only one of the boys. In the town of Granby, then a part of Simsbury, Governor HAYES'S great-great-grandfather survived captivity by the Indians and a sale by them as a slave to a French priest in Canada, worked out his liberty, and returned to Simsbury with strength enough still left to achieve a comfortable competence and outlive the Psalmist's limit.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Democratic State Convention met at Saratoga, August 30, and nominated Horatio Seymour for Governor and William Dorsheimer for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Seymour sent a dispatch peremptorily declining the nomination.

The Connecticut Republicans have renominated last year's State ticket, with H. C. Robinson for Governor and General Walker for Secretary of State, on a reform and resumption platform.

The mountains in Pennsylvania have been ravaged by destructive fires during the past few weeks. Many flourishing farms have been destroyed, and the loss of valuable timber has been immense.

Grasshoppers are plentiful in the far West, and are doing a great deal of damage to the crops.

Yellow fever has lately been prevalent at Savannah, Georgia.

On the 31st ult. nearly a hundred women were dismissed from the various departments at Washington, in obedience to the retrenchment policy enforced by the Democratic House. Most of these women were widows or daughters of deceased Union soldiers. The reduction in clerical force will not only cause great hardship to many worthy people, but seriously impair the efficiency of the service.

FOREIGN NEWS.

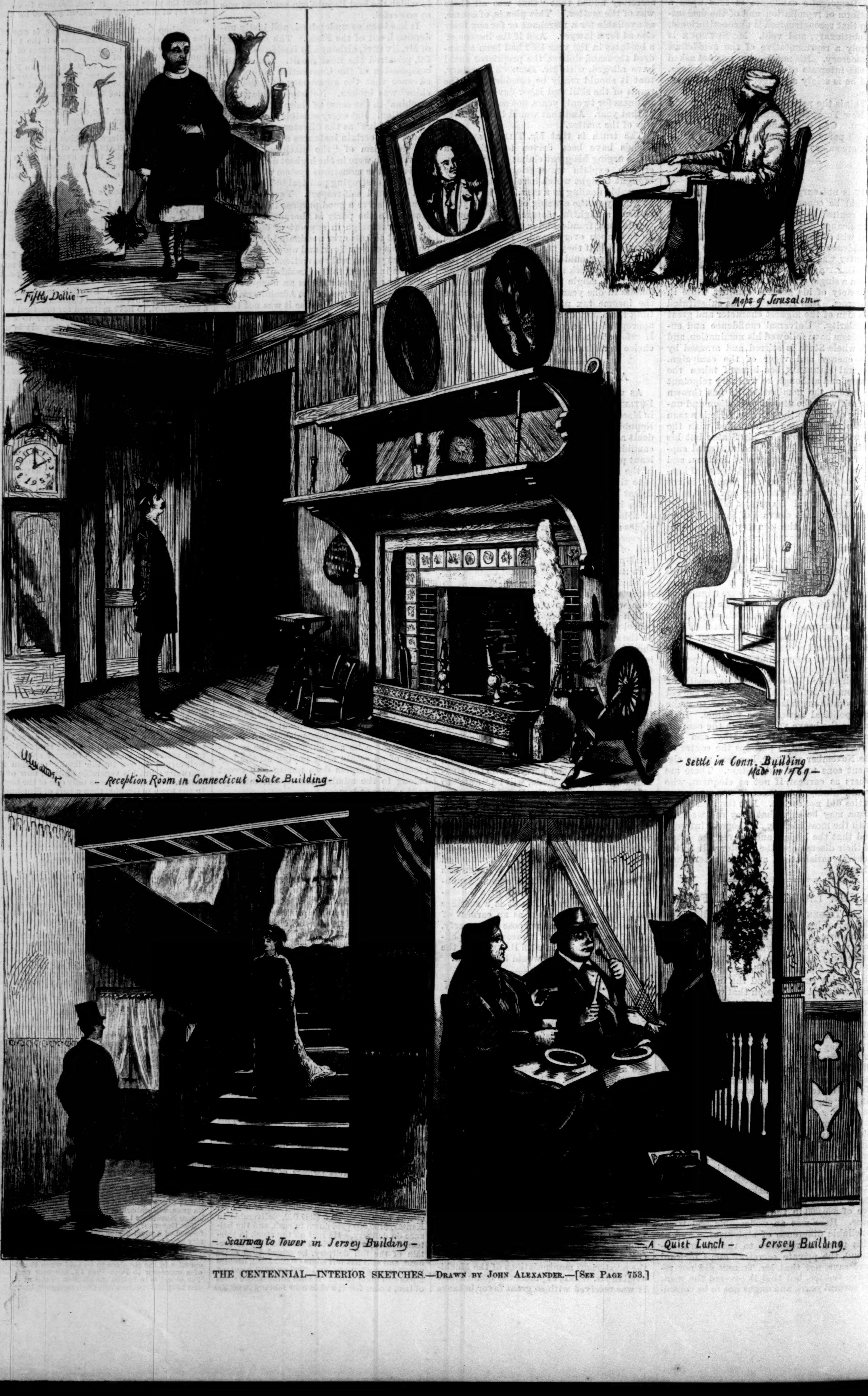
A CARLIST conspiracy has been discovered at Pampeluna, and two sergeants of the Spanish army were executed for complicity in it.

Murad V., Sultan of Turkey, has been deposed because of mental infirmities, and his brother, Abdul-Hamid, has been proclaimed his successor.

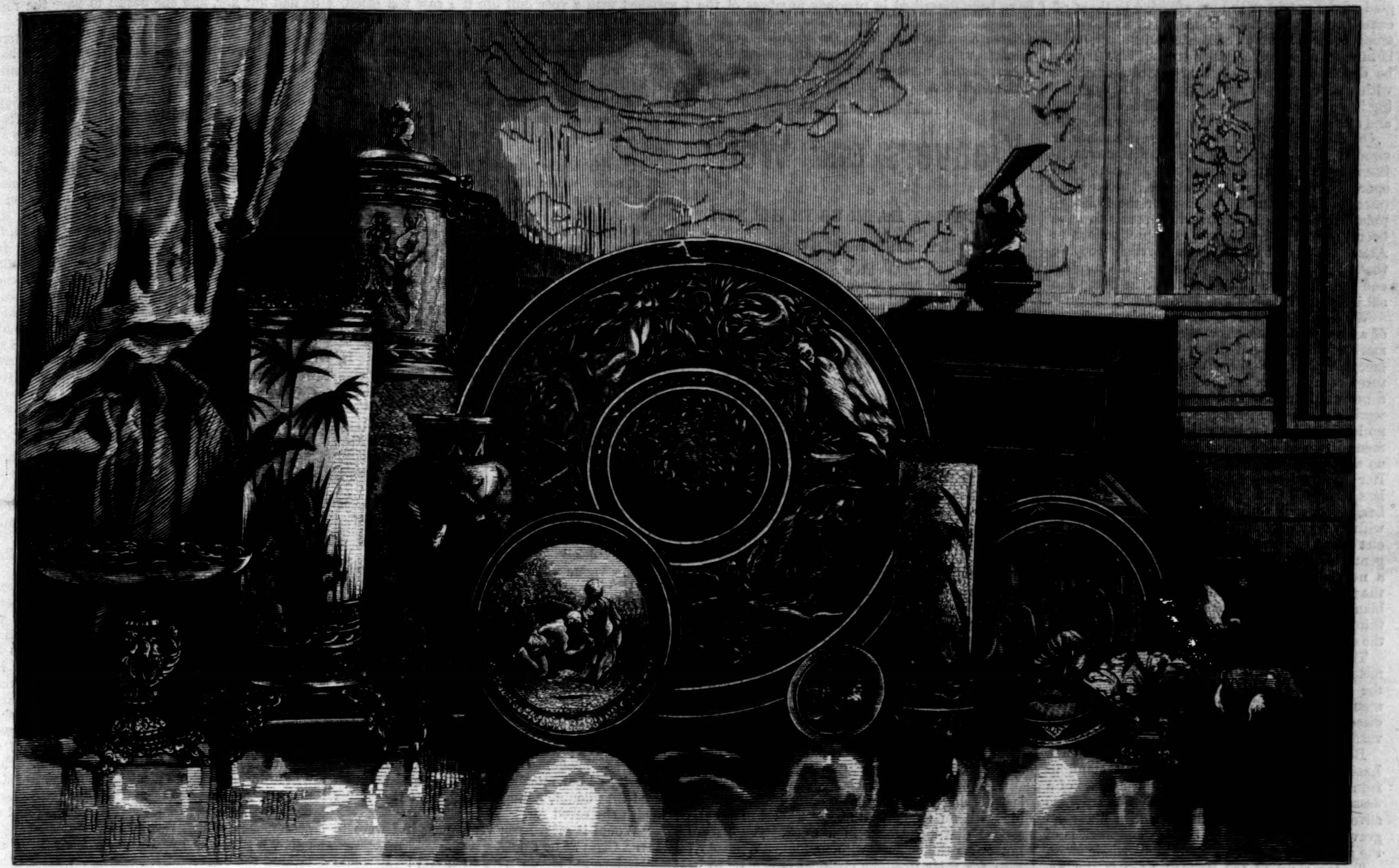
The Spanish government has concluded a convention with Spanish capitalists for an advance of from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 for the expenses of the war in Cuba; 24,850 men of all arms, with Krupp and Placentia guns, will embark at Santander and Cadiz for Cuba before November 1.

The Governor of Porto Rico has been officially informed of a royal decree ordering the issue of indemnity bonds to the owners of liberated slaves.

A telegram from Rome says, "It is affirmed that the cardinals have unanimously agreed to omit certain ceremonies in the conclave to be held when the election of a successor to Pope Pius IX. becomes necessary. The object is to hasten the election of the new Pope, and keep the conclave free from foreign influence."



THE CENTENNIAL.—INTERIOR SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY JOHN ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 753.]



THE THORN IN THE FOOT. MINERVA SHIELD. PENELOPE SLEEPING.

THE CENTENNIAL.

THE silver-ware of Great Britain at the Centennial Exhibition is represented by a single firm only, that of the ELKINGTONS. But these gentlemen having made it a strict rule to employ in their studios and manufactories none but the very best artists and workmen in the world, quite regardless of nationality or money considerations, we may say that in their exhibits we have the highest expression to which fine-art metal-work has attained in this nineteenth century.

The collection in the ELKINGTON court may be classed in four divisions—cast and chased silver-work proper; repoussé-work in silver, steel, or iron, with enrichments of gold and silver in damasking, inlaying, and niello; combinations of these methods with silver; and enamels both in cloisonné and champ-levé. In addition to these original manufactures may be mentioned electrotype reproductions of the specimens in the Museum of Science and Art, South Kensington, London, in silver or copper bronze.

Our artist has selected for illustration examples of the various methods by which pieces of metal, precious or otherwise, are transformed into "things of beauty;" and we propose referring to each specimen in our engravings, touching briefly upon the processes employed in their manufacture.

Certainly the most striking object in the ELKINGTON display is the "Helicon Vase." It forms the centre of Group 1. This work of art is the result of six years' labor on the part of the well-known metal sculptor MOREL LADEUIL, and was made for the Vienna Exhibition, where the jury declared it to be at once the most important as well as the most beautiful production in metal of modern times. As it is known only by reputation in this country, our connoisseurs will be

POMPEIAN BATH. THE HELICON VASE. VENETIAN MIRROR.

THE CENTENNIAL—ELKINGTON WARE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

glad of the opportunity now afforded to them of examining it closely. The subject of the composition is the "Triumph of Music and Poetry," and is in the Italian Renaissance style of art. It may be described as an elongated plateau, enriched with sculptured plaques or panels, and supporting in its centre, between two seated figures, a tall and stately vase, ornamented in the repousé style.

On the left of the Helicon Vase is a plate or circular plaque twenty inches in diameter, representing a "Pompeian Lady at her Toilet," and specially made by the artist of the Helicon Vase (also by the repoussé process) for the Philadelphia Exhibition. Here the artist seems to have been inspired in his ideas by the productions of ALMA TADEMA; but, far from servilely copying that talented painter, he seems to have marked out for himself an original track in Pompeian subjects and ornaments.

We here see a court in the women's apartment of a Pompeian house; the court is surrounded by marble pillars, round which the most luxuriant creeping plants mingle gracefully with the sculptured ornaments of their capitals, and we behold a beautiful maiden, evidently the daughter of a wealthy Pompeian gentleman, who can deny her no luxury either for her toilet or personal adornment. She is discovered reclining semi-draped on a couch, having just quitted her morning bath. Her handmaidens—female slaves, but scarcely less beautiful than herself—are grouped around her, performing various offices of the toilet; one with great nicety is poising an elegant gold circlet round her brow and entwining her hair negligently about it, having just placed round her neck a necklace composed of beads of the shape of the favorite Greek amphoræ; another, of the Nubian type, is just attaching her sandals; while a third holds the virgin robe which is to hide from the outside world the charms at present disclosed.

The lady herself holds in her hands a polished metal mirror, in which she is smilingly surveying the progress made by her handmaidens. The scene is completed by the elegant works of art disseminated about the apartment, mingled with vases containing rare plants and delicate flowers.

Before leaving the productions of Mr. MOREL LADEUIL, we must mention the fruit stand in front of the Pompeian plate. It forms part of a dessert service, and is a combination of repoussé silver and steel inlaid with gold, with finely engraved crystal pillars and bowl. The work is of the greatest delicacy, and is of high artistic merit.

To the right of the Helicon Vase is the Renaissance mirror, from the designs of Mr. A. WILLMS, the celebrated artist, to whom is intrusted the honorable but responsible duties of director of Messrs. ELKINGTONS' art studios. Under his guidance are produced the designs and models of the beautiful dessert services, the repoussé plaques, and the enamels of which the ELKINGTON court is full. The small vase in front of the mirror is an illustration of an entirely new method of decorating silver. It is inlaid with copper ornamentation. We own to having already seen copper introduced like enamel or niello work, flat or level with the surface of the silver. Beautiful examples of this may be seen in TIFFANY & Co.'s display; but the peculiarity in the new method invented by ELKINGTON & Co. is that the copper is in *high relief above the surface* of the silver, thus forming a very beautiful effect by showing a dark bass-relief on a light oxidized ground. A fine example of this process is also shown by ELKINGTONS at their case. It is a Grecian-shaped vase in steel, with raised ornaments in silver and copper; but how this has been done has puzzled the most clever experts in metallurgy.

In the centre of Group 2 is a larger shield in repoussé iron, wrought in the style of the armor of the Middle Ages. It represents the devastators of the world—War, Famine, Pestilence, and Fire, embodied in the shape of allegorical figures, while in the centre is the dread head of the Medusa. The design of this shield, like all the other articles composing this group, is due to Mr. WILLMS, who has shown that he can deal with the terrible and bold as well as with the graceful and tender. An example of the latter, and contrasting well with the shield, is a small plaque representing an Arcadian shepherd extracting a thorn from the foot of a shepherdess. The treatment of this little pastoral poem in metal is exquisitely soft and beautiful. The rock frowning in the foreground is effectively relieved by the quivering foliage in the background, which represents a forest scene, faintly fading away to a horizon of distant hills.

Another repoussé plaque to the right represents a classical scene—Penelope sleeping under the care of Pallas, whose statue stands solemnly in the background, while a Cupid undoes the web which the wife of Ulysses has woven during the day. Above the latter plate is a square inkstand produced by the niello process, the sharpness and delicacy of which are equal to any of the celebrated "Toula" were exhibited in the Russian section. A fruit stand in the style of BENVENUTO CELLINI, a classical tankard, and a small epitome of war, in the shape of two belligerent cocks, complete the metal-works in this group, leaving us only the enamels to deal with, which, though also metal-work, are so gorgeous in colors and realistic in design as to approach ceramic productions. In the tall cylinders and vases, with the smaller flower stands and vide-poches, the natural colors of tropical birds and foliage are obtained similar to the ceramic productions, but have this advantage over the latter, that they are imperishable. Examples of this attractive ware are shown in the Chinese and Japanese courts; but the ELKINGTON enamels, besides being more pleasing to the eye, are decidedly superior in manipulation.

The sketches on pages 752 and 761 are sufficiently explained by the sub-titles affixed to each. The view of the Norwegian section in the Main Building, on page 760, gives a faithful idea of the arrangement of the exhibits, most of which have been described in previous numbers of the *Weekly*. The exhibit comprises collections of filigree ornaments, hempen, woolen, and cotton manufactures, curious specimens of carriages, fur robes, pianos, carved furniture, ivory household ornaments, etc.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"IT WAS THINE OATH THAT FIRST DID FAIL."

NEARLY a year had gone since Cyprian Davenant turned his back upon British soil. It was the end of May, high season in London, and unusually brilliant weather, the West End streets and squares thronged with carriages, and every where throughout that bright western world a delightful flutter and buzz of life and gayety, as if the children of that pleasant region had indeed in some manner secured an exemption from the cares and sorrows of meaner mortals, and were bent on making the most of their privileged existence.

A neatly appointed brougham waited before the door of a house in Half-Moon Street, and had been waiting there for some time. It was Mrs. Walsingham's brougham, and the lady herself was slowly pacing to and fro her little drawing-room, pausing every now and then to look out of the window, and in a very unpleasant state of mind. She was dressed for walking, elegantly dressed in her favorite toilet of India muslin and lace, with a bonnet that seemed to be made of pansies, and she was looking very handsome, in spite of the cloud upon her smooth white brow and a certain ominous glitter in her blue eyes.

"I suppose he is not coming," she muttered at last, tossing her white lace parasol upon the table with an angry gesture. "This will be the second disappointment in a week. But I shall not go to the concert without him. What do I care for their tiresome classical music, or to be stared at by a crowd of great ladies who don't choose to know me?"

She rang the bell violently, but before it could be answered there came a thundering double knock at the door below, and a minute afterward Gilbert Sinclair dashed into the room.

"Late again, Gilbert," cried Mrs. Walsingham, reproachfully, her face brightening nevertheless at his coming; and she smiled at him with a pleased welcoming smile as they shook hands.

"Yes, I know it's late for that confounded concert. But I want you to let me off that infliction, Clara. That sort of thing is such a consummate bore to a man who doesn't know the difference between Balfe and Beethoven, and you know I have a heap of engagements on my hands."

"You have only come to cry off, then?" said Mrs. Walsingham, with a sudden contraction of her firmly moulded lips.

"My dear Clara, what a fiend you can look when you like! But I wouldn't cultivate that kind of expression if I were you. Of course I'll go to the concert with you, if you are bent upon it, rather than run the risk of any thing in the way of a scene. But you know very well that I don't care for music, and you ought to know—"

He stopped, hesitating, with a furtive look in his red-brown eyes, and a nervous action of one big hand about his thick brown mustache.

"I ought to know what, Mr. Sinclair?" asked Clara Walsingham, with a sudden hardness of voice and manner.

"That it is good neither for your reputation nor mine that we should be seen so often together at such places as this Portman Square concert. It is almost a private affair, you know, and every body present will know all about us."

"Indeed! and since when has Mr. Gilbert Sinclair become so careful of his reputation—or of mine?"

"Since you set your friends talking about our being engaged to be married, Mrs. Walsingham. You have rather too many feminine acquaintances with long tongues. I don't like being congratulated, or chaffed—it comes to pretty much the same thing—upon an event which you know can never happen."

"Never is a long word, Gilbert. My husband may die, and leave me free to become your wife, if you should do me the honor to repeat the proposal which you made me six years ago."

"I don't like waiting for dead men's shoes, Clara," answered Sinclair, in rather a sulky tone. "I made you that offer in all good faith, when I believed you to be a widow, and when I was madly in love with you. But six years is a long time, and—"

He broke down again, and stood before her with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"And men are fickle," she said, taking up his unfinished sentence. "You have grown tired of me, Gilbert; is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly that, Clara, but rather tired of a position that keeps me a single man without a single man's liberty. You are quite as exacting as a wife, more jealous than a mistress, and I am getting to an age now at which a man begins to feel a kind of yearning for something more like a home than chambers in the Albany, some one more like a wife than a lady who requires one to be perpetually playing the *cavalière servante*."

"Have I been exacting, Gilbert? I did not know that. I have tried my uttermost to make my house agreeable to you. Believe me, I care less for gayety than you imagine. I should be satisfied with a very dull life if I saw you often. Oh, Gilbert, I think you ought to know how well I love you!"

"I could better have believed that six years ago, if you had consented to leave England with me, as I proposed when I found out the secret of Mr. Walsingham's existence, and that the Yankee divorce was all bosh."

"I loved you too well to sink as low as that, Gilbert."

"I thought the strength of a woman's love was best shown by her sacrifice of self. You preferred your reputation to my happiness, and have kept me dangling on ever since, for the gratification of your vanity, I suppose. It would have been more generous to have dismissed me, and made an end of the farce at once."

"You were not so willing to be dismissed until very lately, Gilbert. Why have you grown so tired of me, all of a sudden?"

"I tell you again it is the position I am tired of, not you. If you were free to marry me it would be a different thing, of course. As it is, we are both wasting our lives and getting ourselves talked about into the bargain."

Clara Walsingham laughed scornfully at this.

"I care very little what people say of me," she said. "English society has not chosen to receive me very graciously, and I did not think you would consider yourself injured by having your name linked with mine."

"But, you see, Clara, it does a man harm to have it said he is engaged to a woman he never can marry. It does him some kind of harm in certain circles."

"How vague you are, Gilbert, and how mysterious! 'Some kind of harm in certain circles.' What does that mean?"

She stood for a minute looking at him, with a sudden intensity in her face. He kept his eyes on the ground during that sharp scrutiny, but he was fully conscious of it nevertheless.

"Gilbert Sinclair," she cried, after a long pause, "you are in love with some other woman; you are going to jilt me."

There was a suppressed agony in her tone which both surprised and alarmed the man to whom she spoke. Of late he had doubted the sincerity of her attachment to him, and had fostered that doubt, telling himself that it was his wealth she cared for.

"Would it grieve you very much if I were to marry, Clara?" he asked.

"Grieve me if you were to marry! It would be the end of my life. I would never forgive you. But you are playing with me. You are only trying to frighten me."

"You are frightening yourself," he answered. "I only put the question in a speculative way. Let us drop the subject. If you want to go to the concert—"

"I don't want to go; I am not fit to go any where. Will you ring that bell, please? I shall send the brougham back to the stable."

"Won't you drive in the park this fine afternoon?"

"No; I am fit for nothing now."

A maid-servant came in answer to the bell.

"You can take my bonnet, Jane," said Mrs. Walsingham, removing that floral structure, "and tell Johnson I shall not want the brougham to-day. You'll stop to dinner, won't you, Gilbert?" she went on when the maid had retired. "Mr. Wyatt is to be here, and Sophy Morton."

"How fond you are of those actor people! So Jim Wyatt is coming, is he? I rather want to see him. But I have other engagements this afternoon, and I really don't think I can stay."

"Oh yes, you can, Gilbert. I shall think I had just grounds for my suspicion if you are so eager to run away."

"Very well, Clara, if you make a point of it, I will stop."

Mr. Sinclair threw himself into one of the low luxurious chairs with an air of resignation scarcely complimentary to his hostess. Time was when this woman had exercised a profound power over him, when he had been indeed eager to make her his wife; but that time was past and gone. He was tired of an alliance which demanded from him so much more than it was in his selfish nature to give; and he was inclined to be angry with himself for having wasted so much of his life upon an infatuation which he now accounted the one supreme mistake of his career. Before his charmed eyes there had appeared a vision of womanly loveliness compared with which Clara Walsingham's beauty seemed of the earth earthy. He could not deny that she was beautiful, but in that other girlish face there was a magic which he had never before encountered, a glamour that enthralled his narrow soul.

The interval before dinner dragged wearily, in spite of Mrs. Walsingham's efforts to sustain a pleasant conversation about trifles. Gilbert was not to be beguiled into animated discussion upon any subject whatever. It seemed as if the two were treading cautiously upon the very verge of some conversational abyss, some dangerous chasm, into whose deadly depths they might at any moment descend with a sudden plunge.

Mrs. Walsingham questioned her companion about his plans for the end of the season.

"Shall you go to Norway for the salmon fishing?" she asked.

"I think not. I am tired of that part of the world."

"Then I suppose you will amuse yourself with the grouse in Scotland?"

"No, I have just declined a share in a moor. I am heartily sick of grouse shooting. I have really no settled plans as yet. I shall contrive to get rid of the autumn somehow, no doubt."

The conversation dawdled on in this languid manner for a couple of hours, and then Mr. Sinclair went away to change his dress for the regulation dinner costume.

The smile which Mrs. Walsingham's face had worn while she talked to him faded the moment he had left her, and she began to pace the room with rapid steps and a darkly clouded brow.

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," she muttered to herself, with suppressed passion. "I have seen the change in him for the last twelve months. There is some one else. How should I lose him if it were not so? Heaven knows what pains I have taken to retain my hold upon him! There is some one else. He is afraid to tell me the truth. He is wise in that respect. Who can the woman be for whom I am to be forsaken? He knows so many people, and visits so much, and is every where courted and flattered on account of his money. Oh, Gilbert, fool, fool! Will any woman ever love you as I have loved you, for your own sake, without a thought of your fortune, with a blind idolatry of your very faults! What is it that I love in him, I wonder? I know that he is not a good man. I have seen his heartlessness too often of late not to know that he is hard and cruel and remorseless toward those who come between him and his iron will. But I too could be hard and remorseless if a great wrong were done me. Yes, even to him. Let him take care how he provokes a passionate, reckless nature like mine. Let him beware of playing with fire."

This was the gist of her thoughts during a gloomy reverie that lasted more than an hour. At the end of that time Miss Morton was announced, and came fluttering into the room, resplendent in a brilliant costume of rose-colored silk and black lace, followed shortly by James Wyatt, the lawyer, courteous and debonair, full of small-talk and fashionable scandal. Gilbert Sinclair was the last to enter.

The dinner was elegantly served in a pretty little dining-room, hung with pale green draperies and adorned with a few clever water-color pictures, a room in which there was a delightful air of coolness and repose. The folding-doors between the two rooms on the ground-floor had been removed, and the back-room was covered with a cool Indian matting, and converted into a kind of conservatory for large ferns and orange-trees, the dark foliage whereof made an agreeable background to the fresh brightness of the pollard oak furniture in the dining-room. There was no profuse show of plate upon the round table, but the wine flasks and tall-stemmed glasses were old Venetian of the costliest kind, and the dessert service was Wedgwood.

Mr. Wyatt was invaluable in the task of sustaining the conversation, and Clara Walsingham seconded him admirably, though there was a sharp anguish at her heart that was now almost a habitual pain, an agony prophetic of a coming blow. Gilbert Sinclair was a little brighter than he had been in the afternoon, and contributed his share to the talk with a decent grace, only once or twice betraying absence of mind by a random answer and a wandering look in his big brown eyes.

James Wyatt and Mrs. Walsingham had been running through a catalogue of the changes of fortune, for good or evil, that had befallen their common acquaintances, when Gilbert broke in upon their talk suddenly with the question,

"What has become of that fellow who dined with us at Richmond last year? Sir Cyprian something."

"Sir Cyprian Davenant," said James Wyatt. "He is still in Africa."

"In Africa! Ah, yes, to be sure, I remember hearing that he was going to join Harcourt's expedition. I was not much impressed by him, though I had heard him talked about as something out of the common way. He had precious little to say for himself."

"You saw him at a disadvantage that day. He was out of spirits at leaving England."

"Very likely, but I had met him in society very often before. He's rather a handsome fellow, no doubt; but I certainly couldn't discover any special merit in him beyond his good looks. He's a near neighbor of the Clanyardes, by-the-way, when he's at home, is he not?"

"When he's at home, yes," answered the solicitor. "But I doubt if ever he'll go home again."

"You mean that he'll come by his death in Africa, I suppose?"

"I sincerely hope not, for Cyprian Davenant is one of my oldest friends. No, I mean that he's not very likely to see the inside of his ancestral halls any more. The place is to be sold this year."

"The Baronet is quite cleared out, then?"

"He has about four hundred a year that he inherited from his mother, so tightly tied up that he has not been able to make away with it."

"What Clanyardes are those?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

"Viscount Clanyarde and his family. They have a place called Marchbrook, and a very poor place it is, within a mile or two of Davenant. The old Viscount is as poor as Job."

"Indeed! But his youngest daughter will make a great match, no doubt, and redeem the fortunes of the house. I saw her at the opera the other night. She was pointed out to me as the loveliest girl in London, and I really think she has a right to be called so. What do you think of her, Gilbert?"

She fixed her eyes upon Sinclair with a sudden scrutiny that took him off his guard. A dusky flush came over his face, and he hesitated awkwardly before replying to her very simple question.

Clara Walsingham's heart gave a great throb.

"That is the woman," she said to herself.

"Miss Clanyarde is very handsome," stammered Gilbert; "at least I believe that is the general opinion about her. She has been intimate with your friend Davenant ever since she was a child, hasn't she, Wyatt?" he asked, with an indifference of tone which one listener knew to be assumed.

"Yes, I have heard him say as much," the other answered, with an air of reserve which implied

the possession of more knowledge upon this point than he cared to impart.

"Those acquaintances of the nursery are apt to end in something more than friendship," said Mrs. Walsingham. "Is there any engagement between Sir Cyprian and Miss Clanyarde?"

"Decidedly not."

Gilbert Sinclair burst into a harsh laugh.

"Not very likely," he exclaimed. "I should like to see old Clanyarde's face if his daughter talked of marrying a gentlemanly pauper."

"That is the woman he loves," Mrs. Walsingham repeated to herself.

No more was said about Sir Cyprian or the Clanyardes. The conversation drifted into other channels, and the evening wore itself away more or less pleasantly, with the assistance of music by-and-by in the drawing-room, where there were a few agreeable droppers-in. Mrs. Walsingham played brilliantly, and possessed a fine mezzo-soprano voice, that had been cultivated to an extreme degree. There were those who said she had been an opera singer before her marriage with that notorious roué and reprobate, Clarence Vernon Walsingham. But this was not true. Clara Walsingham's musical powers had never been exercised professionally. She had a real love of music for its own sake, and found a consolation for many desolate hours in the companionship of her piano.

CHAPTER IV.

"OFFEND HER, AND SHE KNOWS NOT TO FORGIVE."

THREE days after the little dinner in Half-Moon Street, Mrs. Walsingham sat at her solitary breakfast table rather later than usual, dawdling over the morning papers, and wondering drearily what she should do with the summer day before her. She had seen nothing of Gilbert Sinclair since the dinner, and had endured an agony of self-torment in the interval. His name appeared in one of the morning journals among the guests at a distinguished countess's ball on the previous evening, and in the list of names above Mr. Sinclair's she found those of Lord Clanyarde and his daughter. There had been a time when Gilbert set his face against all fashionable entertainments, voting them the abomination of desolation. He had changed of late, and went every where, raising fond hopes in the breasts of anxious mothers with large broods of marriageable daughters waiting for their promotion.

Mrs. Walsingham sat for some time looking vacantly at the long list of names, and thinking of the man she loved. Yes, she loved him. She knew his nature by heart; knew how nearly that obstinate, selfish nature verged upon brutality, and loved him nevertheless. Something in the force of his character exercised a charm over her own imperfect disposition. She had believed in the strength of his affection for herself, which had been shown in a passionate, undisciplined kind of manner that blinded her to the shallowness of the sentiment. She had been intensely proud of her power over this rough Hercules, all the more proud of his subjugation because of that half-hidden brutishness which she had long ago divined in him. She liked him for what he was, and scarcely wished him to be better than he was. She only wanted him to be true to her. When he had asked her, years ago, to be his wife, she had frankly told him the story of her youth and marriage. Her husband was five-and-twenty years her senior, a man with a constitution broken by nearly half a century of hard living, and she looked forward hopefully to a speedy release from a union that had long been hateful to her. She had believed that it would be possible to retain Gilbert's affection until the time when that release should come without sacrifice of her reputation. Had she not believed and hoped this, it is impossible to say what guilty sacrifice she might have been willing to make rather than lose the man she loved. She had hoped to keep him dangling on, governed by her womanly tact, a faithful slave, until the Colonel, who led a stormy kind of existence about the Continent, haunting German gaming tables, should be good enough to depart this life. But the Colonel was a long time exhausting his battered constitution, and the flowery chain in which Mrs. Walsingham held her captive had faded considerably with the passage of years.

A loud double knock startled the lady from her reverie. Who could such an early visitor be? Gilbert himself, perhaps. He had one of those exceptional constitutions to which fatigue is a stranger, and would be no later astir to-day for last night's ball. Her heart fluttered hopefully, but sank again with the familiar anguish of disappointment as the door was opened and a low, deferential voice made itself heard in the hall. Those courteous tones did not belong to Gilbert Sinclair.

A card was brought to her presently, with James Wyatt's name upon it, and "on special business, with many apologies," written in pencil below the name, in the solicitor's neat hand.

"Shall I show the gentleman to the drawing-room, ma'am, or will you see him here?" asked the servant.

"Ask him to come in here. What special business can Mr. Wyatt have with me?" she wondered.

The solicitor came into the room as she asked herself this question, looking very fresh and bright, in his careful morning costume, with a hot-house flower in the button-hole of his perfectly fitting frock-coat. He was more careful of his toilet than many handsomer men, and knew how far the elegance of his figure and the perfection of his dress went to atone for his plain face.

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham," he began, "I owe you a thousand apologies for this unseasonable intrusion. If I did not think the nature of my business would excuse—"

"There is nothing to be excused. You find me guilty of a very late breakfast, that is all. Why should you not call at half past ten as well as at half past two? It is very kind of you to come at all."

There was a tone of indifference in all this politeness, a half-weary tone, which did not fail to strike James Wyatt. He had made this woman a study during the last year, and he knew every note of her voice, every expression of her face.

"I hold it one of my dearest privileges to be received by you," he replied, with a certain grave tenderness. "There are some men who do not know when they are happy, Mrs. Walsingham. I am not one of those."

She looked at him with a surprise that was half scornful.

"Pray spare me the pretty speeches which make you so popular with other women," she said. "You spoke of business just now. Did you really mean business?"

"Not in a legal sense. My errand this morning is of rather a delicate nature. I would not for the world distress or offend you by any unwarranted allusion to your domestic relations, but I believe I am the bearer of news which can scarcely have reached you yet by any other channel, and which may not be altogether unwelcome."

"What news can you possibly bring me?" she asked, with a startled look.

"Would it distress you to hear that Colonel Walsingham is ill—dangerously ill, even?"

Her breath came quicker as he spoke.

"I am not hypocrite enough to pretend that," she answered. "My heart has long been dead to any feeling but anger—I will not say hatred, though he has deserved as much—where that man is concerned. I have suffered too much by my alliance with him."

"Then let me be the first to congratulate you upon your release from bondage. Your husband is dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	1.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	18.—St. Luke.
Sunday,	22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

THE conclusions reached by the joint commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South are very cordially accepted by the Methodist press. The *Christian Advocate*, of this city, says: "We have been permitted to look over the journal of their proceedings, and find that every vote in the joint board was unanimous....The two Churches in particular, and the whole Church in general, will rejoice in the good work accomplished, and will unite with the distinguished commissioners in their closing doxology." *Zion's Herald*, which has always represented the advanced antislavery opinion of the Northern Methodist Church, says: "God forbid that we should raise a hand, or speak a word, or write a sentence, or admit to our columns a discussion that would in any wise peril such a possibility as these men think they see in the near future of our two Churches. This act of fraternity comes at a remarkable hour—an hour of anxiety, amounting almost to distress and foreboding: an important and epochal era in the history of the state."

Sunday and Monday, October 22 and 23, have been designated as days of prayer for Sunday-schools throughout the world. The exercises recommended, in addition to the meetings for prayer, are Sabbath sermons and a meeting on Monday night for the delivery of addresses, etc.

The parties to the war carried on in Germany between the state and the Church abate nothing of their pertinacity. Dr. MELCHERS, Archbishop of Cologne, has been deposed by the government, but the Cathedral Chapter refuse to elect a successor. On the 19th of July Monsignor CZBICHOWSKI, auxiliary Bishop of Gnesen, was released from his nine months' imprisonment. He was met at the prison gate by an immense number of his flock, and was escorted to his cathedral, where mass was celebrated.

The Sunday-school Assembly held at Chautauqua Lake, and which, with its adjunct assemblies, continued in session from July 20 to August 18, is described by all as being exceedingly unique. There were over forty lecturers engaged, and among them men of the highest distinction in science. The lectures were fully reported, and published in the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald*. Object-teaching was represented by a model of Palestine 200 feet by 100 feet in area, and models of an Oriental house, the Hebrew Tabernacle, and the Pyramid of Ghizeh. The attendance of people is described as enormous.

One of the incidents of the dedication of Christ Church (Rev. NEWMAN HALL'S), London, was a service for Welshmen, of whom as many as 1500 assembled. The hymns which were sung on the occasion were in the Welsh language. The preacher was the Rev. WILLIAM REES, who, though in his seventy-fourth year, greatly interested the audience.

In a recent address delivered to the students of the foreign colleges established in Rome, the Pope noticed the project, already described in this Intelligence, of a popular election of his successor. He said: "I forbear to speak of other disorders, which can not be named, but which are too much protected by those whose duty it is to punish them severely. I limit myself to pointing out the nefarious designs concocted in the congregations of the sects, and especially in this brain of Italy, to bring about the election to the chief office of the Church by popular votes, and this with the intent to break, if possible, that mystic net which, under the guidance of the great Fisherman, keeps the faithful throughout the Catholic world together and united. But God will confound these perfidious designs of Satan."

The promoters of the Free Church movement will have an important accession of strength in the erection of the San Francisco Baptist Tabernacle, which will stand in a conspicuous position in the city, and will be large enough to accommodate 2000 worshipers. The principal contributor is Deacon ISAAC LANKERSHIM, who gives $100,000. The corner-stone was recently laid by the Freemasons, whose ceremony was preceded and followed by appropriate addresses from Baptist ministers.

The experiment making by Christian philanthropists of London to provide cafés for the working classes, at which tea and coffee shall take the place of beer and stronger liquors, has not yet proved entirely successful. A company has been organized, and shares to the amount of £14,102 have been taken. So far the cafés frequented by the middle-class working people have shown the most satisfactory results. It is now proposed to carry the experiment still further, and to open ten new places for the sale of unintoxicating drinks and other refreshments.

All readers of Judge MURRAY HOFFMAN'S volume on the ecclesiastical laws of the State of New York know how difficult it is to get clearly the precise meaning of the law of 1813 for the incorporation of religious societies, when taken in connection with its various amendments. The Baptists of the State have procured this year a simpler enactment for the administration of their churches. It contains the following points: (1) The right of voting for trustees is limited to church members and all contributors for the space of one year preceding the election; (2) only a majority of all the votes cast can elect a trustee; (3) the settlement and removal of a pastor and the determination of his salary are in the power of the church members exclusively; (4) the trustees have no power to sell, alienate, or mortgage the church property, unless specially authorized by the church to do so. These are prudent safeguards, and it would be wise to make them applicable to all religious societies in the State. The act of 1813, even with its amendments, is thought by many to be very defective.

Bishop WHIPPLE, the head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Minnesota, has been appointed by the President a member of the Commission to the Sioux, and has accepted the appointment. He says of it: "I can not refuse, even with the small hope of doing something which may lead to a better policy. Pray God that we may have the needed wisdom to know what to do." By his devotion to the welfare of the Indians, and his success in leading them to a civilized mode of life, Bishop WHIPPLE has endeared himself to all good men. As a member of the Commission, his influence will no doubt be felt to the great advantage of the country.

A pilgrimage of 3000 persons from Madrid to Rome is announced. The pilgrims were expected to reach their destination during the month of August.

The project of a French Protestant university at Paris has reached the point of an application to M. WADDINGTON, the Minister of Public Instruction, for authority to establish a faculty of Protestant theology. M. DE PRESSENSÉ is spoken of as one of the professors.

The *Christian Standard* (Cincinnati) continues its account of the life of SIDNEY RIGDON, one of the projectors of the Mormon imposture. As a story, it exceeds romance. In 1822 RIGDON had charge of a Baptist church in Pittsburg, but subsequently became an associate of ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the founder of the Church of the Disciples. The Book of Mormon was first issued, through RIGDON'S agency, in 1830. In building up this great system of fraud, according to the *Standard*, "SMITH had no plot nor plan; RIGDON furnished the brains, PRATT the eloquence, and HARRIS the money." After the prophet's death, YOUNG and RIGDON both competed for the succession to his place; the latter was defeated, and retired from the Church in disgust. Of his later life, the *Standard* says: "Patriarchal in appearance and kindly in address, he was often approached by citizens and strangers with a view of obtaining something of the unworded mysteries of his life; but citizen, stranger, and persistent reporter all alike failed in eliciting any information as to his knowledge of the Mormon imposture, the motives of his early life, or the religious faith, fears, and hopes of his declining years."

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress, which seems destined to become, according to our American phrase, an "institution," opens this year in Boston, November 17. It most wisely admits into its programme discussions from representatives of the several schools of thought known in the Protestant Episcopal body. Bishop DOANE, and the Rev. Dr. RICHARD NEWTON of Philadelphia, will discuss "Revivals of Religion;" Drs. DE KOVEN and WASHBURN, "The Relation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to Freedom of Religious Thought." Other topics of essays are: "The Morals of Politics;" "The Prevention and Cure of Drunkenness;" "The Adaptation of the Services of the Prayer-Book to the Wants of the People;" "The Relations of Secular to Religious Education." The interest in this association of Protestant Episcopal thinkers visibly increases.

An English missionary, who spent sixteen months in organizing mission stations in New Guinea, gives a more favorable impression of the natives than generally obtains. "They are, in the region of Port Moresby, savages, but of a mild species. They hold cannibalism in abhorrence." They are, however, inveterate thieves. "They have no religion of their own, no temple, priest, or god. This total absence of religious feeling is the principal difficulty in trying to bring the truth to bear upon them. All are inveterate smokers. They would care little about a description of heaven, unless it contained an unlimited supply of tobacco." According to this explorer, Southeast New Guinea is very thinly populated.

The Wesleyans of Great Britain are concentrating labor upon their Sunday-school system, with the best results. At their annual Conference, in Nottingham, the whole number of schools was reported to be 5990; teachers and officers, 113,503. Of these teachers 89,421 are church members or probationers; the scholars are in number 725,312, of whom 60,500 are communicants. The total cost of the schools was £52,592 for the year. Among the notable events of the recent session of the Conference was an invitation from Canon MORSE, of St. Mary's, Nottingham, to the members to unite with him in worship at the old parish church. In his letter of invitation the canon said: "I am anxious not only to show any respect I can to the Wesleyan body on their visit to Nottingham, but also to manifest to the town and the world at large that although separated in some respects from one another, we are in our deepest heart still one in Jesus Christ." The service proposed was attended by 200 of the ministers. After it was over, about 100 of them took tea with the canon. The Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, the blind preacher, was present at the session of the Conference, and was formally invited to a seat.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PARTY of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked far out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied: "Bad cess to ye for a cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be afther savin' yerselves, an' not thryin' to save anuther. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' thin come back and thry to save anuther."

A reverend divine, who was but a so-so preacher, being called upon accidentally for a sermon, asked a friend what he should preach about; to which the other coolly replied, "About five minutes."

A woman lately made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.

"Raising the wind" is now denominated more classically, "Exciting the financial Æolus."

A TRYING MOMENT.—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

ADAM DEFINED.—A Scotchman, being examined by his minister, was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Oh, jist like ither folk." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the cars; "hould on, ye murtherin ould stame-ingin—ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification set in?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

A close-fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton-chops. Upon removing the cover he said, "My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you." Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied, "Yes, but where is your dinner?"

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a-waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A subscription paper, circulated for some charitable purpose, was presented to a wealthy French manufacturer, who subscribed twenty francs. "Twenty francs!" said the lady who presented the list to him; "why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your son has subscribed fifty francs." "That is all very well," replied the manufacturer; "my son has a rich father, and can afford to give more than I, who shall not inherit any thing."

"Pitchy darkness" has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

A physician who lived in London visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, by no means," replied the doctor; "I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

"Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?"
"I *have* asked her."
"What did she say?"
"Oh, I have the *refusal* of her."

A renowned clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is brim-stone.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darky, "don't stand dar on de railroad." "Why, Joe?" "Kase, if de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey tink it am de depo, an' run rite in."

In all policies of life-insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, Sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down." "Oh, I see," said the agent.

TILDEN'S "WOLF AT THE DOOR, GAUNT AND HUNGRY."—DON'T LET HIM IN.

"UNION THE FOR EVER
HURRA! BOYS! HURRA
FREE TO ALL
NO SECTARIANISM
E PLURI
THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM IS THE BULWARK OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC AND FOR ITS SECURITY THE APPLICATION OF PUBLIC FUNDS TO SECTARIAN PURPOSES SHOULD BE FORBIDDEN
REPUBLICAN DECLARATION.
OUR SLATE
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED
NOT ONE CENT OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS TO SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.
SCHOOL FUNDS

CONVICTS LET LOOSE BY MR. TILDEN.

[See Illustration, "Reform is Necessary," Page 764.]

THE following list of pardoned convicts shows how Democratic voters and electioneering agents may be made. Mr. TILDEN has pardoned in 1875 eighty-eight criminals, and in 1876 already ninety-eight. Within the past nine months he has restored to the rights of citizenship seventy convicts. Burglary, arson, assault, murder, are some of the offenses to which he has shown this excessive tenderness. The example of this proceeding is taken, no doubt, from the period of the Ring, when the control of the prisons was made use of by the ruling party to shut up those who offended them and to let loose dangerous offenders, on political grounds. Mr. TILDEN is not unpopular with the criminal classes. A vote was recently taken in a Vermont jail on the Presidency. Of seventy-eight prisoners, it is stated, seventy-seven gave their suffrages for Mr. TILDEN.

PARDONS, 1875.

Name.	Sentenced.	Crime.	Term.	When Pardoned.
Sarah Cornell	Dec. 7, 1872	Grand larceny.	3 years.	January 20, 1875
Adelbert Brown	March 26, 1874	Assault and battery.	1 year and fine.	“ 20 “
William Jones	July 7, 1873	Burglary, 3d degree.	4½ years.	“ 21 “
Edward Hare	March 20, 1873	Forgery, 3d degree.	3 years.	“ 21 “
Joseph H. Rollins	Sept. 15, 1874	Assault and battery.	15 months and fine.	“ 29 “
Arthur E. Krauss	Oct. 9, 1874	Burglary, 3d degree.	5 years.	February 4 “
Thomas Sproul	May 26, 1873	Robbery.	12 years.	“ 4 “
John Murray	Oct. 23, 1873	Attempt at burglary.	2½ years.	“ 6 “
John Clark	Feb. 19, 1868	Robbery.	15 years and 2 mos.	“ 13 “
Thomas L. Lamb	Aug. 13, 1873	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 15 “
William Kelly	March 4, 1874	Assault to harm.	2 years.	“ 15 “
Thomas Troy	Jan. 20, 1875	Burglary.	8 years.	“ 19 “
Patrick Burke	Feb. 19, 1872	Robbery.	5 years.	“ 19 “
James Conley	Oct. 27, 1874	Larceny.	6 months.	“ 27 “
Patrick Farrell	Oct. 9, 1873	Grand larceny.	2 years.	“ 27 “
George F. M'Clellan	Nov. 20, 1874	Bigamy.	1 year.	March 5 “
John Emmick	Sept. 16, 1873	Robbery.	5 years.	“ 5 “
Henry Kahlert	Sept. 16, 1873	“	5 years.	“ 5 “
Henry B. Keane	Feb. 1, 1875	Cruelty to animals.	3 months.	“ 5 “
William Feeney	June 25, 1874	Grand larceny.	2½ years.	“ 12 “
Jacob Homer	March 4, 1874	Assault to harm.	2 years.	“ 12 “
James Lee	Dec. 2, 1874	Forgery.	1 year.	“ 12 “
Patrick Hadagan	Oct. 21, 1873	Assault to harm.	5 years.	“ 15 “
William Barry	Feb. 13, 1872	Robbery.	12 years.	“ 16 “
Howland Snyder	June 24, 1874	Burglary and larceny.	1 year.	“ 16 “
George Duryea	June 9, 1873	Grand larceny.	2½ years.	“ 22 “
William R. Adams	Dec. 3, 1873	Seduction.	3 years.	“ 27 “
FRANCIS WARDELL	Feb. 21, 1874	Forgery, 3d degree.	3½ years.	“ 30 “
JAMES H. INGERSOLL	Nov. 28, 1874	“ “	5 years.	April 5 “
Louise Edwards	Oct. 6, 1874	Grand larceny.	3½ years.	“ 7 “
George B. Fish, Jun.	Jan. 24, 1872	Burglary and larceny.	5½ years.	“ 7 “
George Alexander	Oct. 7, 1874	Grand larceny.	1 year.	May 4 “
Howard Alexander	Oct. 7, 1874	“	1 year.	“ 4 “
Frank G. Teller	Feb. 5, 1873	“	4½ years.	“ 11 “
John M'Mullen	Dec. 17, 1872	Robbery.	20 years.	July 1 “
Orville Eugene Orton	Sep. 27, 1873	Burglary.	3 years.	“ 1 “
William Maxan	Feb. 26, 1875	Petit larceny.	6 months.	“ 1 “
William Durkin	Feb. 26, 1875	“	6 months.	“ 1 “
John Dies	Sep. 16, 1874	Obstructing R.R. track.	1 year and 4 mos.	“ 15 “
George H. Whitford	Jan. 8, 1874	Forgery.	2½ years.	“ 15 “
Isaac Jacobs	April 20, 1874	Att. at grand larceny.	2½ years.	“ 15 “
Algeroy Aiken	Nov. 25, 1874	Embezzlement.	1 year and 8 mos.	“ 22 “
Hayman Copperman	Nov. 21, 1873	Receiving stolen goods.	2½ years.	“ 22 “
Leo Witkososky	Feb. 17, 1875	Petit larceny.	6 months.	“ 22 “
Abel Seely	Feb. 19, 1874	Burglary and larceny.	3½ years.	August 2 “
Ellen Quinn	July 21, 1875	Bigamy.	1 year.	“ 5 “
John Van Able	June 24, 1874	Perjury.	2 years.	“ 5 “
Sigismund Heller	Nov. 12, 1874	Grand larceny.	1 year.	“ 5 “
David W. Sabins	Dec. 11, 1871	Rape.	7 years.	“ 5 “
Walter Morris	Jan. 22, 1873	Burglary.	5 years and 4 mos.	“ 5 “
John Verch	Feb. 28, 1874	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 5 “
Lester Brotherton	Nov. 29, 1873	Incest.	5 years.	“ 12 “
George Booth	Feb. 24, 1873	Burglary, 3d degree.	5 years.	“ 19 “
James Mullin	June 18, 1874	Burglary.	2 years.	“ 19 “
James Chambers	Feb. 25, 1871	Rape.	10 years.	“ 28 “
Thomas Kennelly	June 29, 1871	Robbery.	10 years.	September 9 “
Rutger Teal	Feb. 25, 1875	False pretenses.	1 year.	October 16 “
Adam Engelhaupt	Feb. 2, 1875	Assault to rape.	3 years.	November 20 “
Patrick M'Gowan	July 7, 1875	Assault and battery.	1 year.	“ 20 “
Herman Walrath	Nov. 25, 1874	Grand larceny.	2½ years.	“ 20 “
Eugene Brown	Aug. 13, 1875	“	3 years.	“ 20 “
Henry Vannan	Oct. 24, 1874	Burglary, 3d degree.	3 years.	“ 20 “
Sigismund Schwab	Nov. 24, 1874	Violating Excise Law.	30 days and $200 fine	“ 20 “
Robert Clark	Feb. 5, 1875	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 29 “

COMMUTATIONS, 1875.

Name.	Sentenced.	Crime.	Term.	Commuted to
Carlton Wallace	April 22, 1871	Grand larceny.	7 years and 2 mos.	5 years.
John Maher	Dec. 16, 1872	“	5½ years.	3 years.
Putnam Terry	Nov. 22, 1870	Robbery.	10 years.	4 years and 6 mos.
James Jones	Nov. 22, 1870	“	8 years.	4 years and 6 mos.
David Mitchell	June 7, 1861	Arson, 1st degree.	Life.	14 years and 1 mo.
Mary Murphy	April 7, 1875	Assault and battery.	1 year.	3 months.
Michael Ward	Oct. 7, 1871	Rape.	8 years.	5 years.
Edward Murray	April 8, 1875	Mayhem.	7 years.	3 months.
Daniel Doran	Feb. 13, 1875	Murder, 1st degree.	To be hanged.	Auburn P. for life.
William Dempsey	Nov. 18, 1873	Robbery.	5 years and 4 mos.	2 years.
Henry Millett	Nov. 18, 1873	“	5 years and 4 mos.	2 years.
George H. Rogers	Nov. 21, 1874	Manslaughter, 3d degree.	2 years and 8 mos.	8 months.
Martin Reeb	July 24, 1868	Arson.	14 years.	7 years.
Matthew Toole	Jan. 30, 1873	Assault to kill.	10 years.	2½ years.
Theodore Tyrer	April 12, 1873	Forgery.	5 years.	3 years.
William O'Mara	Sept. 3, 1875	Intoxication.	6 months.	10 days.
Daniel M'Vey	June 16, 1875	Assault and battery.	6 months.	3 mos. and 9 days.
Guernsey Brown, Jun.	Feb. 3, 1874	Larceny from person.	5 years.	2 years.
Levi Givins	Oct. 17, 1865	Robbery.	19 years and 8 mos.	10 years.
James C. Corbin	Oct. 16, 1873	Manslaughter, 3d degree.	4 years.	2 years.
Frank Warner	Oct. 28, 1873	Assault to kill.	4 years and 7 mos.	2 years.
James Fitzgerald	Aug. 6, 1873	Assault to harm.	5 years.	3 years.
Gustavus Rau	May 4, 1874	Violating Excise Law.	30 days and $100 fine	Fine of $100.
Jacob Standerman	Oct. 1875	Murder.	To be hanged.	Sing Sing for life.

PARDONS FROM JANUARY 1 TO JULY 27, 1876.

Name.	Sentenced.	Crime.	Term.	When Pardoned.
Julia Jackson	Oct. 18, 1875	Petit larceny.	6 months.	January 8, 1876
David Dowd	March 18, 1873	Arson, 2d degree.	7 years.	“ 8 “
Jane Olney	March 22, 1875	Receiving stolen goods.	3 years.	“ 8 “
Charles Mason	Sept. 23, 1868	Murder.	Life.	“ 8 “
George Haskins	Oct. 16, 1874	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 8 “
Horace Leverich	Feb. 10, 1874	Burglary.	5 years.	“ 8 “
William Kelleher	July 24, 1874	Robbery.	15 years.	“ 8 “
Bridget D. Gray	Jan. 10, 1876	Intoxication.	60 days.	“ 12 “
Leonora Brown	Feb. 12, 1874	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 20 “
John Morrill	May 14, 1872	Arson, 2d degree.	7 years.	“ 20 “
Eugene Small	March 8, 1873	“ “	7 years.	February 8 “
John Felner	Dec. 27, 1875	Assault and battery.	80 days.	“ 11 “
James M'Guire	July 10, 1874	Pet. larceny from person	2½ years.	“ 15 “
Catherine Coakley	Oct. 8, 1875	Grand larceny.	2 years.	“ 15 “
William Harris	Jan. 22, 1876	Vagrancy.	60 days.	“ 19 “
Jennie Lewis	Sept. 16, 1875	False pretenses.	2 years.	“ 19 “
John W. Eighmy	June 24, 1875	Perjury.	5 years.	“ 25 “
James A. Stever	Dec. 17, 1875	Advising abortion.	1 year.	March 2 “
John Brennan	April 13, 1870	Robbery, 1st degree.	15½ years.	“ 3 “
John Kirkland	June 16, 1875	“ “	10 years.	“ 7 “
William George Good	Aug. 11, 1875	Embezzlement.	2½ years.	“ 14 “
Howard Hazleton	Jan. 5, 1876	Disorderly conduct.	100 days.	“ 20 “
James F. Bull	March 6, 1875	False pretenses.	2½ years.	“ 24 “
John Moloney	March 3, 1876	Vagrancy.	2 months.	“ 24 “
Henry Schultz	July 6, 1875	Felonious assault.	5 years.	“ 28 “
Lizzie Slamenbergh	Sept. 2, 1875	Grand larceny.	3 years.	“ 29 “
John York	April 5, 1869	Robbery, 1st degree.	15 years.	“ 30 “
Vernon J. Bell	June 19, 1874	Receiving stolen goods.	3½ years.	April 6 “
Patrick O. Day	Jan. 28, 1876	Assault and battery.	3 months.	“ 6 “
Jonathan P. Loper	May 18, 1874	Arson.	7 years.	“ 7 “
John Gullary	Feb. 14, 1876	Cruelty to animals.	1 year.	“ 7 “
William Cox	Jan. 3, 1876	Burglary.	1 year.	“ 10 “
William Bellach	Feb. 8, 1876	Felonious assault.	9 months.	“ 12 “
William O'Neil	Dec. 11, 1875	Assault and battery.	6 months.	“ 18 “
Harriet Goodrich	Dec. 27, 1875	Petit larceny.	1 year.	“ 18 “
Martha Credman	March 22, 1876	Grand larceny.	1½ years.	May 16 “
Leonard Rankin	Feb. 5, 1873	Assault to rape.	5 years.	“ 20 “
James Harvey, Jun.	Feb. 13, 1876	Assault and battery.	Fine of $150, or imprisonment 6 mos.	“ 20 “
Joseph H. Simmons	March 28, 1873	Grand larceny.	5 years.	“ 22 “
William Walls	Oct. 7, 1871	Rape.	8 years.	“ 22 “
John Delaney	March 22, 1876	Forgery.	2½ years.	“ 22 “
John Meyers	April 16, 1873	Receiving stolen goods.	5 years.	“ 22 “
John Glynn	March 30, 1876	Riot.	6 months.	“ 22 “
Joseph Brady	Oct. 20, 1874	Grand larceny.	2½ years.	“ 22 “
Michael Nevins	Feb. 8, 1876	Assault and battery.	5 months.	June 16 “
Charles Fischer	Nov. 19, 1874	Accessory to rape.	7 years.	“ 16 “
Mary Fischer	Nov. 19, 1874	“ “	5 years.	“ 16 “
Samuel Conklin	April 25, 1874	Grand larceny.	4½ years.	“ 19 “
Saul Adams	April 1, 1874	Receiving stolen goods.	3 years.	“ 19 “
Peter Johnson	Feb. 4, 1876	Assault and battery.	6 months.	July 6 “
Alice Hoxie	Dec. 24, 1875	Grand larceny.	1 year.	“ 7 “
Oscar Hill	Feb. 8, 1873	Robbery, 1st degree.	9½ years.	“ 7 “

PARDONS FROM JANUARY 1 TO JULY 27, 1876.—(Continued.)

Name.*	Sentenced.	Crime.	Term.	When Pardoned.
Thomas Coffinger	Feb. 18, 1875	Burglary, 1st degree.	5 years and 2 mos.	July 7, 1876.
Gilbert Lamphere	Feb. 18, 1875	“ “	5 years and 2 mos.	“ 7 “
Charles Schall	July 23, 1874	Receiving stolen goods.	3 years.	“ 7 “
John E. Drake	June 20, 1874	Perjury.	5 years.	“ 10 “
Charles E. Dudley	Oct. 20, 1875	Pet. larceny from person	3 years.	“ 10 “
Mary Ryan	Aug. 24, 1875	Breaking prison.	1 year.	“ 10 “
William Hoffman	April 27, 1876	Assault and battery.	3 months.	“ 10 “
John J. Mullin	Oct. 14, 1874	Pet. larceny from person	2 years and 6 mos.	“ 15 “
Michael Maher	June 20, 1876	Assault and battery.	6 months.	“ 22 “

COMMUTATIONS FROM JANUARY 1 TO JULY 27, 1876.

Name.	Sentenced.	Crime.	Term.	Commuted to
John A. Rose	June 5, 1872	Rape.	20 years.	5 years.
Lodicee Fredenbergh	Nov. 22, 1875	Murder.	To be hanged.	Sing Sing for life.
James Brannagan	Dec. 9, 1864	Manslaughter.	Life.	18 years.
Nelson H. Cool	Oct. 1875	Murder.	To be hanged.	Auburn P. for life.
Waldo E. Fuller	Nov. 10, 1875	Assault and battery.	6 months.	4 mos. from Nov. 10.
Edgar C. Fuller	Nov. 10, 1875	“ “	6 months.	4 mos. from Nov. 10.
Israel Jemison	Dec. 16, 1874	Grand larceny.	2½ years.	1 year and 6 mos.
Richard Murphy	Jan. 21, 1873	Assault to kill.	5 years and 3 mos.	4 years and 3 mos.
John Cullen	Nov. 19, 1875	Petit larceny.	1 year.	4 months.
William Rigby	Dec. 24, 1874	Pet. larceny from person	2½ years.	1½ years.
Thomas Cahill	Jan. 23, 1876	Assault and battery.	3 months.	2 months.
Jacob Rahfield	Dec. 12, 1870	Arson, 1st degree.	Life.	8 years.
Moses Lowenbergh	Jan. 4, 1862	Murder.	To be hanged.	Sing Sing for life.
Lemuel W. Thrall	April 15, 1875	Arson.	4 years.	1 year.
George Flynn	Dec. 19, 1873	Grand larceny.	4½ years.	3 years.
John M'Donald	Oct. 24, 1874	“	3 years.	1½ years.
Charles Disch	Dec. 3, 1873	“	5 years.	3 years.
George Lacking	Feb. 2, 1875	Felonious assault.	3 years.	1½ years.
Berry A. Morris	May 3, 1875	Grand larceny.	2 years.	1 year.
Adam Jaeger	Oct. 29, 1860	Murder.	Life.	25 years and 6 mos.
Anson Hamilton	Dec. 25, 1874	Forgery.	2 years and 4 mos.	1 year and 8 mos.
James Fitzgerald	Feb. 14, 1876	Dog-fighting.	1 year.	3 months.
Jerome B. Dubois	Nov. 19, 1869	Rape.	15 years.	10 years.
Andreas Fuchs	April 1876	Murder, 1st degree.	To be hanged.	Impris'm't for life.
George E. Crozier	March 6, 1876	Murder.	“ “	“ “
Charles Brabender	Sept. 20, 1871	Rape.	20 years.	7 years.
Edward J. Tilghman	June 27, 1873	Grand larceny.	5 years.	4 years.
Jerome B. Frazier	Oct. 29, 1874	Forgery, 3d degree.	“	2 years.
James O. Chambers	Dec. 6, 1872	Assault to kill.	7 years.	5 years.
William J. Heavy	May 7, 1872	Robbery.	14 years.	6 years.
Joseph Velia	Feb. 11, 1876	Attempt at burglary.	1 year.	5 months.
Albert Fredenbergh	Nov. 22, 1875	Murder.	To be hanged.	Impris'm't for life.
Wilhimena Weick	June 5, 1876	“	“ “	“ “
Thomas Love	Nov. 19, 1874	Seduction.	3 years.	2 years.
Edward M'Ilduff	July 20, 1874	Burglary.	5 years.	2½ years.
Frederick Studder	Sept. 20, 1875	Attempt at burglary.	2½ years.	1 year.
James Sullivan	Dec. 27, 1872	Rape.	6 years and 3 mos.	5 years.

SUMMARY.

Pardons and commutations by Tilden in 1875—88.
Pardons and commutations by Tilden from January 1 to July 27, 1876—98.
Aggregate of years of pardon and commutation in 1875—220 years and 8 days.
Aggregate of years of pardon and commutation from January 1 to July 27, 1876—207 years, 3 months, and six days.
Total number of pardons and commutations by Tilden in one year and a half—186.
Total aggregate of years, 427 years, 3 months—and 14 days.

The above summary does not include nine convicts who were sentenced to be hanged, but whose sentences were commuted to imprisonment for life; nor four others who were sentenced for life, but whose sentences were commuted to imprisonment—one for twenty-five years, one for eighteen years, one for fourteen years, and one for eight years.

Since the 1st of January, 1876, Tilden has restored seventy convicts to citizenship, the larger portion of them during the last three months. In each case it is marked on the record, "Not to be published."

RESTORED TO CITIZENSHIP, 1876 (TO JULY 27).

James B. Hendrickson, John H. Johnson, George C. Carr, John W. Eighmy, John M'Carthy, Frank Allen, John Leopold, Daniel E. Galvin, John G. Strang, Henry Trainor, William G. Tripp, Warren Densmore, James M. Keefe, Philip H. Corrigan, Lewis Filkins, James M'Closky, Clark A. Patterson, John S. Wheaton, George Petitt, Oscar A. Bush, William J. Butler, Francis Conway, Charles Clark, James Curley, George Wells, William H. Castle, William Dempsey, Henry Millett, Martin Kerwin, Edward Reardon, Michael Kane, David A. Kennedy, Henry Schultz, James L. Dunning, Thomas A. Baldwin, Richard Van Order, William M'Kenna, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Moloney, Michael Ryan, Henry Ludwig, John B. Taintor, Daniel Johnson, Henry M'Dermott, Charles Albertson, Thomas Dartus, Alexander M'Arthur, Daniel F. Casey, Moses Lowenberg, Hugh M'Gee, Peter Esmay, James E. Van Alstyne, Dennis Regan, David Reid, Henry F. Downs, Milton Robinson, William Root, Laren Allen, John J. Mullin, Joseph Kelley, William Vallelly, Thomas Waugh, John Hall, John Hall, Jun., Levi Givins, Charles Teal, Martin Burke, John E. Kingsley, Frederick Guerin, Gottfried Geyer—70.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, in a series of lectures upon unhealthy trades, recently delivered in London, mentions a new device for the filtration of dust, the injuries from which are known to be among the most serious to which mechanics and operatives are subjected. Whenever filings and fine dust of any kind are produced, it is very important to prevent the introduction of particles of the foreign substance into the lungs, as even an occasional exposure may do great harm, while one continued for many months or years almost inevitably produces fatal results.

Dr. RICHARDSON states that the principal conditions in a mask, in order to secure perfection of action, are a free entrance of air and freedom of exit, with balance for respiration and expiration so arranged that the expiration should be at least one-sixth freer than the inspiration; second, the removal of the water of expiration; third, selection of a material for filtration that would absorb the smallest possible amount of water, offer as little resistance as is possible, and filter finely; fourth, arrangement of the filter so that it should, as far as possible, clear itself, in expiration, of the dust it had received during the time the air was being drawn through in the act of inspiration.

For these purposes numerous devices have been presented; among them one by which the air is passed through cotton. In this, however, the cotton soon becomes saturated with water; the breathing is difficult even in pure air. A second form, made of layers of crape spread over a light frame-work, is easily put on and off, and it admits the passage of the air in either direction freely, but it allows the water to accumulate in the meshes, and it filters badly. It answers fairly for very coarse dusts, but the finer sorts, such as flour, are not excluded.

Other very complicated forms were mentioned; but the one to which the lecturer referred as having all the good qualities and none of the disadvantages of the rest is made of feathers arranged around the outside of a perforated breathing tube of a convenient size, a line of feathers being fastened to the tube, and wrapped around it so closely as to cover all the perforations. By breathing through the upper end of this tube, the feathers come down to the perforations in inspiration, and expand in expiration so as to be lifted from the openings, and all the intercepted dust is blown off. Very little moisture is collected, and the apparatus is considered almost perfect.

The tube is fastened in a mask, which is tied round the feathers so as the more readily to keep them in the proper position. It can be put on and taken off as easily as if it were a pair of spectacles. The filter tube is placed below, so as to catch all the inspired air, and by means of the two side expiratory valves nearly all the moisture of the breath is set free.

In a lecture by Professor MARSH to the graduating class of Yale College, delivered in the new Peabody Museum, he gave a brief résumé of his investigations of the fossil vertebrates of the Rocky Mountain region, referring more particularly to the cretaceous and tertiary formations. He states that within the past six years these investigations have brought to light more than three hundred fossil species of vertebrates new to science, about two hundred of which have already been described.

Many remarkable forms of animals hitherto unknown have been revealed by Professor MARSH's researches, chief among which may be mentioned a group of birds having well-defined teeth, and constituting a new sub-class, *Odontornithes*, of two orders—one in which the teeth are in grooves, and the other in which the teeth have each a distinct socket. The former were swimmers of gigantic size, with rudimentary wings, and the vertebræ as in modern birds. The second order embraces small birds with powerful wings and biconcave vertebræ, as in *Ichthyornis*.

Another group of fossil vertebrates is that of the pterodactyls, or flying reptiles, which, however, constitute a distinct order from the European. In one of these the spread of the wings amounted to twenty-five feet. The class of the reptiles proved to be rich in new species, some of them lizards of sixty or more feet in length. These forms were obtained in the cretaceous formation.

The mammalia of the tertiary formation were especially interesting, among them a gigantic group of the order *Dinocerata*, nearly equal to the elephant in size, but with shorter limbs. The skull was armed with two or more pairs of horn cores, and with enormous canine tusks like those of the walrus. The brain was proportionally smaller than that of any other land mammal.

The *Tillodontia*, another new order of mammals found in the eocene deposits, possessed affinities to the carnivores, rodents, and ungulates. The remains of quadrumana were also found, related both to the lemurs of the Old World and to some of the South American monkeys. In the eocene mammals a small hoofed animal was found, supposed to be the oldest probable ancestor of the horse. It was about as large as a fox, with four toes before and three behind. Among other mammals was a group allied to the modern rhinoceros.

Belonging to the Brontotheridæ is a wonderful beast, as large as the Dinocerata, having an

elevated pair of horn cores on the maxillary bones; it was found among the mammals of the miocene. A small equine animal, as large as a sheep, and having three toes on each foot, with an additional "splint" bone on those in front, was also found, thus forming an interesting miocene link in the genealogy of the horse.

Over thirty species of fossil horses were found, as also large species of rhinoceros, camels, suillines, and other mammals, etc.

The following propositions have been established by Professor **MARSH**: first, that all tertiary mammals had small brains; second, there was a gradual increase in the size of the brain during this period; third, this increase was mainly confined to the cerebral hemispheres, or higher portion of the brain; fourth, in some groups the convolutions of the brain have gradually become more complicated; fifth, in some the cerebellum and olfactory lobes have even diminished in size.

Professor **MARSH** furthermore states that all the ungulata from the eocene and miocene had upper and lower incisors; second, all eocene and miocene mammals had separate scaphoid and lunar bones; third, all mammals from these formations had separate metapodial bones.

Professor **MARSH**, in conclusion, remarked that his field work was essentially completed, and that all the remains collected were now in the Yale College Museum, and that he proposed to devote himself to their study and the publication of the results in proper form.

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

CARA'S second evening at home was passed much more happily than the first, thanks to Mrs. Meredith, and her spirits rose in consequence; but next morning there ensued a fall, as was natural, in her spiritual barometer. She went to the window in the drawing-room when she was all alone, and gazed wistfully at as much as she could see of the step and entrance of the house next door. Did they mean her to "run in half a dozen times a day," as Mrs. Meredith had said? Cara had been brought up in her aunts' old-fashioned notions, with strenuous injunctions not "to make herself cheap," and to cultivate "a proper pride." She had often been told that running into sudden intimacy was foolish, and that a girl should be rather shy than eager about overtures of ordinary friendship. All these things restrained her, and her own disposition, which strengthened all reserves. But she could not help going to the window and looking out wistfully. Only a wall between them, and how much more cheerful it was on the other side of that wall! Her heart beat as she saw Oswald come out, not because it was Oswald—on the whole, she would have preferred his mother—but solitude ceased to be solitude when friendly figures thus approach even outside. Oswald glanced up and saw her. He took off his hat—he paused—finally he turned and came up the steps just underneath where she was standing. In another moment he came in, his hat in his hand, his face full of the brightness of the morning. Nurse showed him in with a sort of affectionate enthusiasm. "Here is Mr. Oswald, Miss Cara, come to see you."

The women servants were all the slaves of the handsome young fellow. Wherever he went he had that part of the community on his side.

"I came to see that you are not the worse for your dull dinner last evening," he said. "It used to be etiquette to ask for one's partner at a ball; how much more after a domestic evening. Have you a headache? were you very much bored? It is for my interest to know, that I may be able to make out whether you will come again."

"Were *you* bored that you ask me?" said Cara. "I was very happy."

"And, thanks to you, *I* was very happy," he said. "Clearly four are better company than three. Your father and my mother have their own kind of talking. Why, I have not been in this room since I was a child; how much handsomer it is than ours! Come, Cara, tell me all about the pictures and the china. Of course you must be a little connoisseur. Should one say connoisseuse? I never know. *Virtuosa*, that is a prettier word, and we are all in the way of the cardinal virtues here."

"But I am not at all *virtuosa*. I don't know. I was a child too when I used to be at home, and I suppose it hurts papa to come into this room. He has never been here since I came; never at all, I think, since mamma died."

"Does he leave you by yourself all the evening? what a shame!" said Oswald. "Is he so full of sentiment as that? One never knows people. Come, Cara, if that is the case, it is clear that I must spend the evenings with you."

Cara laughed frankly at the suggestion. She did not understand what he meant by a slight emphasis upon the pronouns, which seemed to point out some balance of duties. She said, "I have only been here for two evenings. The first was very dull. I had nothing to read but that book, and I was not happy. The second was last night. Oh, I am not accustomed to much company. I can be quite happy by myself, when I am used to things."

"That means you don't want me," said Oswald; "but I shall come all the same. What is the book about? You don't mean to say you understand that? What is unconscious cerebation, Cara? Good heavens! how rash I have been! Are you an F. R. S. already, like the rest of your father's friends?"

"I don't know what it means," said Cara, "no more than I know about the china. But I read a chapter that first night. It was always something. You see there are very few books in this room. They have been taken away, I suppose. Nobody, except mamma, has ever lived here."

She gave a little shiver as she spoke, and looked wistfully round. Even in the morning, with the sunshine coming in, how still it was! Oswald thought he would like to break the china, and make a human noise, on the head of the father who was sitting below, making believe to think so much of the memory of his dead wife, and neglecting his living child. The young man had a grudge against the elder one, which gave an edge to his indignation.

"You shall have books," he said, "and company too, if you will have me, Cara: that will bring them to their senses," he added to himself in half-laughing, half-angry under-tone.

What did he mean? Cara had no idea. She laughed too, with a little color starting to her face, wondering what Aunt Charity would think if she knew that Oswald meant to spend his evenings with her child. Cara herself did not see any harm in it, though she felt it was a joke, and could not be.

"You were going out," she said, "when you saw me at the window. Had you any thing to do? for if you had, you must not stay and waste your time with me."

"Why should I have any thing to do?"

"I thought young men had," said Cara. "Of course I don't know very much about them. I know only the Burchells *well;* they are never allowed to come and talk in the morning. If it is Reginald, he always says he ought to be reading; and Roger, he is, of course, at work, you know."

"I don't know in the least," said Oswald; "but I should like to learn. What does this revelation of Rogers and Reginalds mean? I never supposed there were any such persons. I thought that Edward and myself were about the limit of friendship allowed to little Cara, and here is a clan, a tribe. I forewarn you at once that I put myself in opposition to your Reginalds and Rogers. I dislike the gentlemen. I am glad to learn that they have no time to talk in the mornings. I, for my part, have plenty of time."

"Oh, you are not likely to know them," said Cara, laughing, "unless, indeed, Roger comes on Sundays, as he said. They are probably not so rich as you are. Their father is a clergyman, and they have to work. I should like that myself better than doing nothing."

"That means," said Oswald, with great show of savagery, setting his teeth, "that you prefer the said Roger, who must not talk o' mornings, to me, presumably not required to work? Know, then, young lady, that I have as much need to work as your Roger; more, for I mean to be somebody. If I go in for the bar, it is with the intention of being Lord Chancellor, and that wants work—work! such as would take the very breath away from your clergyman's sons, who probably intend to be mere clergymen, and drop into a fat living."

"Roger is an engineer," said Cara; "he is at the College; he walks about with chains, measuring. I don't know what is the good of it, but I suppose it is of some good. There are so many things," she added, with a sigh, "that one is obliged to take for granted. Some day, I suppose, he will have bridges and light-houses to make. That one can understand—that would be worth doing."

"I hate Roger!" said Oswald. "I shall never believe in any light-houses of his making; there will be a flaw in them. Do you remember the Eddystone, which came down ever so often? Roger's will tumble down. I know it. And when you have seen it topple over into the sea, you shall come and see me tranquilly seated on the woolsack, and recant all your errors."

Upon which they both laughed—not that there was much wit in the suggestion, but they were both young, and the one lighted up the other with gay gleams of possible mirth.

"However," said Oswald, "that we may not throw that comparison to too remote a period, where do you think I was going? Talk of me as an idler, if you please. Does this look like idling?" He took from his pocket a little roll of paper, carefully folded, and breaking open the cover showed her a number of MS. pages, fairly copied out in graduated lines. Cara's face grew crimson with sudden excitement.

"*Poetry!*" she said; but capital letters would scarcely convey all she meant. "Oswald, are you a poet?"

He laughed again, which jarred upon her feelings, for poetry (she felt) was not a thing to laugh at. "I write verses," he said; "that is idling—most people call it so, Cara, as well as you."

"But I would *never* call it so! Oh, Oswald, if there is any thing in the world I care for—Read me some, will you? Oh, do read me something! There is nothing," cried Cara, her lips trembling, her eyes expanding, her whole figure swelling with a sigh of feeling, "nothing I care for so much! I would rather know a poet than a king!"

Upon this Oswald laughed again, and looked at her with kind admiration. His eyes glowed, but with a brotherly light. "You are a little enthusiast," he said. "I called you *virtuosa*, and you are one in the old-fashioned sense, for that is wider than bric-à-brac. Yes, I sometimes think I might be a poet if I had any one to inspire me, to keep me away from petty things. I am my mother's son, Cara. I like to please every body, and that is not in favor of the highest pursuits. I want a Muse. What if you were born to be my Muse? You shall see some of the things that are printed," he added; "not these. I am more sure of these when they have attained the reality of print."

"Then they are printed?" Cara's eyes grew bigger and bigger, her interest grew to the height of enthusiasm. "How proud your mother must be, Oswald! I wonder she did not tell me. Does Edward write too?"

"Edward!" cried the other, with disdain; "a clod-hopper; a plodding, steady, respectable fellow, going in for the Civil Service. Poetry would be more sadly in his way than it is in mine. Oh yes, it is sadly in mine. My mother does not know much; but instead of being enthusiastic, she is annoyed with what she does know. That is the kind of thing one has to meet with in this world," he said, with a sigh over his own troubles. "Sometimes there is one like you—one more generous, more capable of appreciating the things that do not pay—with some people the things that pay are every thing. And poetry does not pay, Cara."

"I don't like you even to say so."

"Thanks for caring what I say; that is a little bit of ideal. I should like to be set on a pedestal, and to have something better expected from me. That is how men are made, Cara. To know that some one—a creature like yourself—expects something, thinks us capable of something. I am talking sentiment," he said, with a laugh; "decidedly you are the Muse I am looking for. On a good pedestal, with plenty of white muslin, there is not a Greek of them all would come up to you."

"I don't know what you mean, Oswald. Now you are laughing at me."

"Well, let us laugh," he said, putting his papers into his pocket again. "Are you coming to my mother's reception this afternoon? I hear you were there yesterday. What do you think of it? Was old Somerville there with his niece? He is the guardian angel; he comes to see that we all go on as we ought, and that no one goes too far. He does not approve of me. He writes to India about me that I will never be much use in the world."

"To India?"

"Yes; all the information about us goes out there. Edward gives satisfaction, but not the rest of us. It is not easy to please people so far off who have not you to judge, but only your actions set down in black and white. Well, I suppose I must go now—my actions don't tell for much: 'Went into the house next door, and got a great deal of good from little Cara.' That would not count, you see; not even if I put down, 'Cheered up little Cara, who was mopish.' Might I say that?"

"Yes, indeed; you have cheered me up very much," said Cara, giving him her hand. Oswald stooped over her a moment, and the girl thought he was going to kiss her, which made her retreat a step backward, her countenance flaming, and all the strong dignity and quick wrath of her age stirred into movement. But he only laughed and squeezed her hand, and ran down stairs, his feet ringing young and light through the vacant house. Cara would have gone to the window and looked after him but for that—was it a threatening of a visionary kiss? How silly she was! Of course he did not mean any thing of the kind. If he did, it was just as if she had been his sister, and Cara felt that her momentary alarm showed her own silliness, a girl that had never been used to any thing. How much an only child lost by being an only child, she reflected gravely, sitting down after he left her by the fire. How pleasant it would have been to have a brother like Oswald! And if he should be a poet! But this excited Cara more when he was talking to her than after he was gone. He did not fall in with her ideas of the poet, who was a being of angelic type to her imagination, not a youth with laughter glancing from his eyes.

That evening Cara sat solitary after dinner, the pretty silver lamp lighted with its white moon-orb of light upon the table by her, the fire burning just bright enough for company, for it still was not cold. She had said, timidly, "Shall you come up stairs this evening, papa?" and had received a mildly evasive answer, and she thought about nine o'clock that she heard the hall door shut, just as John came into the room with tea. She thought the man looked at her compassionately, but she would not question him. The room looked very pretty in the fire-light and lamp-light, with the little tray gleaming in all its brightness of china and silver, and the little white figure seated by the fire, but it was very lonely. She took up a book a little more interesting than the one which had been her first resource, but presently let it drop on her knee, wondering and asking herself, Would Oswald come? Perhaps he had forgotten. Perhaps he had noticed her shrink when he went away, and, meaning nothing by his gesture, did not know why she had retreated from him—perhaps— But who could tell what might have stopped him? A boy was not like a girl—he might have been asked somewhere. He might have gone to the theatre. Perhaps he had a club, and was there among friends. All this passed through her head as she sat with the book in her hand, holding it open on her knee. Then she began to read, and forgot for the minute. Then suddenly the book dropped again, and she thought, with a sort of childish longing, of what might be going on next door, just on the other side of the wall, where every thing was sure to be so cheerful. If she only could pierce that unkindly wall, and see through! That made her think of Pyramus and Thisbe, and she smiled, but soon grew grave again. Was this how she was to go on living—lonely all the evening through, her father seeking society somewhere else, she could not tell where? She thought of the drawing-room at the Hill, and her eyes grew wet. How they would miss her there! and here nobody wanted Cara. Her father, perhaps, might think it right that his child should live under his roof; but that was all he cared, apparently; and was it to be always thus, and never change? At seventeen it is so natural to think that every thing that is is unalterable and will never change. Then Cara, with a gulp, and a determination to be as happy as she could in the terrible circumstances, and, above all, to shun Oswald, who had not kept his word, opened her book again, and this time got into the story, which had been prefaced by various interludes of philosophizing, and remembered no more till nurse came to inquire if she did not mean to go to bed to-night. So the evening did not hang so heavy on her hands as she thought.

Next day Oswald came again, and told her of a forgotten engagement which he had been obliged to keep; and they chattered gayly as before; and he brought her some poems, printed in a magazine, which sounded beautiful when he read them, to her great delight, but did not seem so beautiful when she read them over herself, as she begged she might be allowed to do. After this there was a great deal of intercourse between the two houses, and Cara's life grew brighter. Now and then, it was true, she would be left to spend an evening alone; but she got other friends, and went to some parties with Mrs. Meredith, Oswald attending them. He was always about; he came and had long private talks with her, reading his verses and appealing to her sympathies and counsel; he walked with her when she went out with his mother; he was always by her side wherever they went. "I know Edward will cut me out when he comes, so I must make the running now," he said often, and Cara no longer wondered what making the running meant. She got so used to his presence that it seemed strange when he was not there.

"It's easy to see what that will end in," said nurse to John and cook in the kitchen.

"I wish as one could see what the other would end in," cook replied.

But the household watched the two young people with proud delight, going to the window to look at them when they went out, and rejoicing over the handsome couple.

"I always said as our Miss Cara was one as would settle directly," her faithful attendant said. "Seventeen! it's too young, that is, for any thing."

"But he haven't got a penny," said cook, who was more prudent, "and he don't do nothing. I'd like a man as could work for me, if I was Miss Cara."

"I'd like him better if he hadn't no call to work," said nurse, with true patrician feeling.

But the chief parties knew nothing of these remarks. They were very cheerful and full of mutual confidences. Oswald confiding to Cara his doubts and difficulties, his aspirations (which were chiefly in verse) and light-hearted anticipations, not going so far as to be called hopes, of sitting one day on the woolsack. Cara, though she had a great respect for Oswald, did not think much about the woolsack. But it was astonishing how she got used to him, how she liked him, and, notwithstanding the occasional dull evenings, how much more variety seemed to have come into her life. Sometimes Mrs. Meredith herself would talk to the girl about her son.

"If he would work more steadily I should be happier, Cara," she would say; "and perhaps if he had a strong inducement he would work. He is so clever, and able to do what he likes."

Cara did not know about this; but she liked his lively company. They were the best of friends; they talked to each other of every foolish thing that comes into the heads of young people; but she had a vague idea that he did not talk to her as the other thought he did. He was not like Roger even; though Roger was no more like him than night was like day. Roger was—different. She could not have told how, and nobody knew of this difference nor spoke to her on the subject. And thus life floated on very pleasantly, with more excitement than had existed in that placid school-girl life at the Hill. Miss Cherry came two or three times on a day's visit to her darling, and observed what was going on and was puzzled; but Aunt Charity had her first attack of bronchitis that year, and it was winter weather, not good for traveling.

"Yes, I think she is happy on the whole," was her report to the elder aunt when she went home, which, as may be supposed, was not a clear enough deliverance for Aunt Charity.

"Is the young man in love with her?" said the old lady; "is she in love with him? James should not be such a fool as to let them be constantly together, unless it is a match that would please him."

"James is not thinking of any thing of the kind," said Miss Cherry, impatiently. "James is taken up with his own affairs, and he thinks Cara a little girl still."

"To be sure he does—that is where men always go wrong," said Aunt Charity, "and James will always be a fool to the end of the chapter."

Cherry winced at this, for she was the model of a good sister, and never had seen any man who was so much her ideal as James—though in some things he was foolish, she was obliged to allow. Perhaps, as Aunt Charity was ill, and the house, as it were, shut up and given over to invalidism for the winter, it was as well that Cara should be away, getting some enjoyment of her young life. Had she been at home it would have been dull for her, for Miss Cherry was in almost constant attendance upon the old lady. Thus things had turned out very well, as they so often do, even when they looked the least promising. Had Cara been at the Hill, Miss Cherry would not have been so free to devote herself to Aunt Charity, and both the child and the old lady would have suffered. True, Miss Cherry's own life might have had a little additional brightness, but who thought of that? She did not herself, and you may be sure no one else did. It was altogether a fortunate arrangement, as things had turned out; and as for Cara, why, was not Providence watching over her, if her father was remiss? Miss Cherry felt that there was something like infidelity in the anxious desire she felt sometimes to go and help Providence in this delicate task.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CENTENNIAL—THE NORWEGIAN DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—[See Page 753.]

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THE CENTENNIAL—RANDOM SHOTS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 753.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE successive beauties that open to the eye during a sail on Lake Winnepesaukee can scarcely be surpassed on any lake in the world. Irregular in outline; its shores carpeted with rich green; its crystal waters studded with something like 270 verdant islands, which transform themselves into a countless multitude of shapes as you approach and retreat from them; the distant mountains towering high above nearer ranges—an ampitheatre of ever-changing beauty—these charms render an excursion on the lake one of rare enjoyment. According to the Indian etymology of the word, Winnepesaukee means "The Beautiful Water in the High Place;" although in many parts of New Hampshire a popular definition given is "The Smile of the Great Spirit." The name of the lake is spelled, or has been spelled, in twenty-eight different ways in various books and periodicals. In the history of the early settlement of our country many references are made to the "Winnopiseag Pond." In the clear days of early summer, or in late autumn, the view of distant mountains from the lake is most impressive. At one point the majestic peaks of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Pleasant are visible; while all along the trip appear long lines of stately mountains, including the Sandwich and Ossipee ranges, Mount Belknap, Moosilauke, Red Hill, Tripyramid, and many others, which present a constantly changing outline. In midsummer the hazy atmosphere is likely to obstruct the distant view; but never can the sail be otherwise than charming. If you do not care to study the scenery, you may lean back lazily and dreamily watch the picturesque panorama as it passes by. It is restful enjoyment. Thus Whittier must have found it when, writing by the lake-side of "quiet deeps," "isles of calm," and "dim, beckoning mountain shapes," he said,

"Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into a glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace."

At the recent great coal auction in this city, half a million tons of coal were sold in two hours at prices ranging from $1 75 to $3 90 a ton.

A statue erected by public subscription as a tribute to Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished African traveler, was recently unveiled in Edinburgh. It was designed by a lady—Mrs. D. O. Hill—and presents the great explorer in the rough costume in which he trod so many weary miles through African wastes. His left hand rests on the handle of a hatchet, and a Bible is in his extended right hand. Various accessories serve to recall the adventurous character of his life and labors.

The fire which lately occurred in the inclosure where are stored all the packing boxes in which goods were transported to the Centennial Exhibition suggests the importance of unceasing care. A fire occurring in any of the Exhibition buildings would be most unfortunate.

Although the enthusiastic excitement aroused by Mr. Farrington's first passage across the East River on the "traveler" of the great bridge has subsided, there is a strange fascination in watching the progress of the perilous work. Brooklyn Heights afford an easy and excellent point of observation. By the aid of an opera or field glass the minutest details can be seen. Although we become measurably familiar with the process, and know that it is now almost an every-day affair for a wire to be lashed to a "traveler" and drawn across the river, and for daring men, suspended from the "traveler," to cross and cut these lashings, yet one can not watch them hanging on in mid-air at their work without a thrill of apprehension. Many incidents heighten this feeling. The man finds his "chair" unmanageable for a time; a knife is dropped, and the work must be performed by hand; the "boatswain's chair" is by accident fastened to the new wire instead of to the "traveler," and the perilous feat of changing is skillfully accomplished when, midway on the passage, it is first discovered. Thus the work, which must always be attended with more or less danger, goes forward, growing perceptibly each day. And when all this preparatory work is completed, and the temporary bridge built for the workmen, they will begin to lay the great cables for the permanent bridge.

Extensive forest fires in New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and along the Hudson River Highlands were raging during the last days of August.

By the will of Harriet Martineau all her manuscripts and private papers are given to her nephew and executor, Mr. Thomas Martineau, to be used according to her instructions. In connection with this bequest is the following direction: "I emphatically forbid the publication of any private letters written by me, and do strictly enjoin upon my executors to prevent by all means at their command any such publication." An autobiography, with certain authorized additions, is to be published. The will also contains this curious provision: "It is my desire, from an interest in the progress of scientific investigation, that my skull shall be given to Henry George Atkinson, of Upper Gloucester Place, London; and also my brain, if my death should take place within such distance of his then present abode as to enable him to have it for purposes of scientific observation." By the second codicil, dated October 5, 1872, this direction is revoked; "but [the codicil adds] I wish to leave it on record that this alteration in my testamentary directions is not caused by any change of opinion as to the importance of scientific observation on such subjects, but is made in consequence merely of a change of circumstances in my individual case."

During the week ending August 26 there was not a single case of small-pox reported at the office of the Sanitary Superintendent in this city.

"In Eastern lands," when the government wants to get rid of a troublesome subject, he is invited to dine with the chief local official, and word is sent to his family that "his dinner did not agree with him," after which he passes into history.

On one of the street railways in Paris a locomotive has commenced running which has a reservoir of superheated water supplying steam for moving the vehicle.

Chester Cathedral, England, has been restored and re-opened. For the last ten years the process of repair and renewal has been going on, the restoration proper having occupied eight years. To take out one stone after another, and replace it with a new one, cut and carved exactly like the original, to do the same with the elaborate wood-work, and to make all new without in any degree obliterating the features of antiquity, is a very slow and costly undertaking. This has been done, however, in the case of Chester Cathedral, and it was recently re-opened with a magnificent service. The south transept, known as St. Oswald's Church, is not yet complete. One of the most noticeable features of the restoration is the rich red tint of the sandstone, which was formerly covered with a thick coat of whitewash.

Several statues in white marble are to be placed in the crypt of the tomb for the Orleans family at Dreux. They are the work of the sculptor Millet.

There is a broad terrace in London known as Crown Office Row, where, every evening about six o'clock, an interesting sight may be seen. By the kindness of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, the beautiful gardens of that society are every night, between six and eight, thrown open to all comers. Long before the clock strikes, a strange and motley crowd assembles around the gates. Children of all ages and sizes peer through the bars, and gaze wistfully at the green paradise beyond them, waiting anxiously for the janitor to unlock the barriers against which they fret. Dirty, ragged, unkempt little things, clad in grotesque garments of every conceivable shape, color, and pattern, push and jostle in front of the portal as keenly, but yet, to their credit be it said, as courteously, as their betters gather about royalty at some grand entertainment. The excitement increases as the hour for opening draws near; and when at last the gate is flung open, the little creatures rush upon the green turf, wild with delight. They dart this way and that, they roll and tumble upon the grass, they chase one another to and fro, and dance about like young animals, without a thought or care.

In 1791 the Miamis, under their chief, Little Turtle, utterly routed the American army, under General St. Clair, who lost 39 officers and 593 men. It is said that one of the few occasions when Washington lost his self-control was when he heard the news of this calamity. The Seminole war, which began in 1835, cost the United States 1466 lives and $10,000,000. In 1866 the Indians vigorously opposed the construction of a new road to Montana by the government. They attacked forts and railroad trains and private citizens. They had a double motive—to oppose the opening of the road, and to avenge the massacre of some five hundred Indians at Fort Lyon, in 1864, by Colonel Chevington, after they had been induced to go into camp in the vicinity of the troops. On one occasion, in 1866, 3000 Indians fell upon about ninety soldiers and utterly destroyed them.

A young patriot in Missouri desires to know "how many books in the Bible did George Washington write." It is an interesting question for the Centennial year.

There is a historic button in Waterbury, Connecticut, which ought to come to the front this year. When Lafayette visited this country in 1824, a set of solid gold buttons was made at a factory in Waterbury and presented to the distinguished visitor as an expression of the patriotism and gratitude of the three members of the firm who owned the factory. The set consisted of fourteen buttons for a dress-coat, but three additional ones were made and kept as mementos by the partners. They are said to have been made from a lump of gold accidentally plowed out of a field in North Carolina. On the face of the buttons was a well-executed stamp of Washington's head in profile, the die for which was cut at the Mint in Philadelphia. On the reverse was the inscription, "Presented to General Lafayette by L. & H. Scovill, button manufacturers, Waterbury, Conn." So far as is known, only one of these buttons has come down to the present time, and that is now in the possession of a son of one of the partners. In the Philadelphia Mint is a copy in wax of this button, and large offers have been made for the button itself.

From recent statements in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* it appears that manufacturers continue to make poisonous wall-papers, and people continue to use them. In many cases the result is a slow and painful death, although often the poisonous influences are exerted several years before the effects attract special attention. A large number of cases are mentioned in which the poisonous symptoms had become serious, but when the patient was removed from his accustomed room, or the paper taken from the walls, a complete cure followed. Green paper-hangings of a certain kind seem to be peculiarly poisonous, but other shades, containing arsenic, are likewise injurious.

We thought the parodies had come to an end, but a new one is credited to old Dartmouth:

"Professor, when one recites, be fair,
And mark in the presence of the sufferair.
A dot in one corner for the rushair,
A dot in the other for the flunkair,
A dot in the middle for the fizzleair.
Oh, mark, Professor, mark with care,
But mark in the presence of the sufferair."

The latest-discovered relic of the "Father of his Country" is the table-cloth which he used at Morristown. A curious story is told how General Washington gave it to the washer-woman, and by accident it got scorched; and then Washington gave it to a young lady, who was fortunately present when the washer-woman returned it, and she made it into her wedding skirt; and finally, in process of time, it descended to a lady now living in Newburgh.

The Boston *Globe* relates an amusing incident which recently occurred on the New York and Boston express while the train was stopping at Springfield. A small and almost voiceless newsboy entered one of the cars, and walking back and forth, murmured something about the Springfield *Union*, a single copy of which he carried under one arm. The boy's apathy and consequent ill success in trade attracted the attention of a nervous-looking passenger, who presently jumped from his seat, and cried out, "See here, boy! let me show you how to sell newspapers!"

Snatching the paper from under the urchin's arm and placing it beneath his own, he commenced slowly pacing the car, shouting loudly, "Spr-r-ing-g-g-field *Union!* Double sheet! Terrible fire in Philadelphia-a-a-a! Suicide of Bam Sowles and Arles Chancis Fradams! The Centennial Building in ashes! Dom Pedro and President Grant reduced to cinders! Four lengths of linen hose busted! Spr-r-r-r—" And his further exclamations were lost amidst the uproarious merriment of the other passengers and the yells of the little news peddler, who had found his voice, and was tugging at the gentleman's coat tails in vain endeavor to recover his paper, as the train had begun to move from the station. That boy has probably learned how to sell newspapers by that one lesson.

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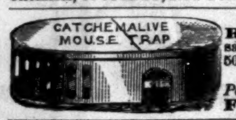

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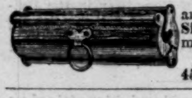

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Close upon the disappearance of the heavy veil followed that of the feredje. This out-door garment for women was a sort of long loose cloak thrown over the in-door dress, and completely concealing the outlines of the figure. Many of the feredjes were magnificent in material and decorations, those worn among the wealthier classes being made of brocaded satin of all colors, and frequently covered with embroidery of silk, studded with seed-pearls. They were so awkward in shape, however, and so absurdly long in front that in walking the wearer was obliged to gather them up in both hands. Thus the appearance of a Turkish lady when encountered upon the street was that of an animated bag or bundle. But of late these hideous garments have made way for European fashions. The ugly yellow boots also then in vogue are now replaced by the dainty French *bottine*, and the hideous practice of dyeing the tips of the fingers with henna is yielding to the introduction of kid gloves.

Seen from a little distance, and shaded by the flattering folds of the yashmak, Oriental women almost always look pretty; but when, as they often do, the fair dames let the veil fall a little and the features become distinctly visible, the illusion is lost at once. The eyes are almond-shaped, tender, and beautiful, but, with very few exceptions, the nose and mouth are so large and ill formed that, as a whole, the face can not be called handsome, the superb eyes not being a sufficient compensation for the want of finish in the other features. Their beauty is also obscured by their unreasonable use of cosmetics. If let

alone, their complexions would be exceedingly good, for their skins are usually creamy white, with a scarcely perceptible tinge of color, yet nothing will satisfy them but the most startling contrast of pink and white. Thus they disfigure themselves in the most pitiable manner. Their system of bathing also has a deteriorating effect; for although the Turkish bath is certainly a most inviting luxury, and has temporarily a flattering effect upon the skin, making it for hours and sometimes days afterward exquisitely white and smooth, still, owing to the great heat and the quantity of sulphur with which the air is charged, an undue indulgence in bathing has a disastrous influence upon feminine beauty. The too devoted votaries of the bath become speedily enervated both in mind and body, and, while still young in years, fade into a premature old age. The indolence which excessive bathing induces also does much toward increasing the corpulence which is so notoriously destructive to the proportions of Eastern women.

The romance that poetry has thrown around the Turkish beauties is chiefly owing to the rigor with which they are secluded from all intercourse with men. Even the Turks themselves see as little of the fair ones as the stranger, or *giaour*. When visiting at the houses of their most intimate friends, they never pass beyond the *selamlik*, or men's quarters, and they are acquainted with no other women than those of their own harems. When the inmates of one harem visit those of another, the well-known custom of placing the slippers of the visitors upon the threshold at once announces the presence of strangers, and interdicts the entrance of the master of the house, who thus at any moment finds himself excluded from that part of his establishment. In writing of Constantinople, Théophile Gautier says, "An immense female population, anonymous and unknown, circulates through this mysterious city, which is thus transformed into a sort of vast masquerade, with the peculiarity that the dominoes are never permitted to unmask." The father and brothers are the only males that are allowed to behold the face of a woman without the protecting yashmak, though, as has already been stated, this covering is by no means the jealous mask of other days. To speak to a Turk of the women of his household is to commit the grossest possible breach of politeness and etiquette. It is forbidden to make the slightest allusion, even indirectly, to this delicate subject, and naturally all such phrases as, "How is your wife to-day?" commonplace as they appear to us, are quite banished from conversation. The most ferociously bearded and turbaned Turk would blush like a school-girl if he heard an inquiry so outrageously improper.

From this it is easy to understand how unbecoming it would be considered, even in a foreigner, to inquire of a Turk any details in regard to the habits and customs of the harem, or the character and manners of the women. Even though he may have known you familiarly at Paris, or have taken a hundred cups of coffee and smoked an equal number of pipes on the same divan with you, he will nevertheless, if questioned upon such a subject, stammer, hesitate, and evade the question in every possible manner. It is related that the embassadress of France, upon one occasion, wishing to make a present to the ruling pasha of some Lyons silks for the ladies of his harem, sent them to him with the following note: "Pray accept some silks, which you will know better than any one how to use." Any closer allusion to the fair dames for whom the gift was intended would have been considered in bad taste, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette.

So far as the male visitor to Constantinople is concerned, he may as well abandon at once any idea of knowing more of the Turkish beauties than he is able to gather from the glimpses he may snatch beneath the awning of an araba, or carriage, or under the shade of the cypresses of the cemetery, at some moment when heat or solitude has caused a momentary withdrawing of the yashmak. Neither do the fair ones venture to encourage the admiration of strangers; for in Turkey any man, even of the lowest grade, who should observe a Mohammedan woman speaking to a Frank in the street, or even exchanging the slightest sign of intelligence with him, would literally fall upon her, hand and foot and cudgel; and he would also be warmly applauded for such brutality by any casual spectators, especially among the women themselves. If an unwary foreigner ever chances to approach too boldly, he is apt to draw upon himself a shower of such compliments as the following: "Dog of a Christian!" "Miscreant!" "Giaour!" "May the birds of the air soil your beard!" "May the plague dwell in your house!" "May your wife be childless!"—the last being a Biblical and Mohammedan malediction of the utmost severity. Coming from the fair dames themselves, this language would seem unnaturally forcible; and indeed there can be no question that the intensity of invective is apt to be greater when a Turk of the opposite sex is within hearing to appreciate their fury. A woman, even though a Turk, is seldom displeased at being admired, and without doubt the secret of their beauty often weighs heavily upon the minds of Moslem women, who have only female confidantes with whom to share it. Among the Mohammedans no one understands the remotest approach to raillery upon the subject of conjugal infidelity. The purely material jealousy of the Turks and the precautions it involves protect them almost invariably from any cause of domestic scandal.

ATTACKED BY THE I

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

The "Indian problem" is as old as the first settlement of America by fugitives from Old-World persecution, and it is apparently as far from solution now as it was when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Those worthies, fleeing to the New World in search of religious and civil freedom for themselves, found America in possession of a savage race in whom many noble qualities and virtues were combined with traits as brutal and cruel as those that characterized the adherents of the Inquisition and the other persecutors of the early Protestant reformers. They were the owners of the soil, and the white settlers were invaders and intruders, and the aborigines had as much right to defend their domain as the Scotch under Wallace and Bruce had to repel the English when they crossed the border. But we know from the records of those early times that the Indians received the whites in a friendly manner, sold them lands, and were disposed to live at peace with them. Had the settlers recognized the rights of the Indians, treated them fairly, kept faith with them, and been as zealous to Christianize and civilize them as they were to wrest from them their hunting grounds, there would have been no desolating Indian wars, none of the massacres which ensanguine the pages of early New England history; nor should we, at this day, have been compelled to lament the death of the gallant Custer and his brave comrades, or to contemplate the extermination of the Western tribes as the only means of protecting the settlers in the far West, whither the Indians have been driven by the steady progress of the white races. It is undeniable that all our Indian wars have been provoked by the whites. Every treaty made with the Indians has been violated as soon as it was for the interest of the whites to break it. Despoiled of their

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BY THE INDIANS.

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Such incidents as the one depicted in our double-page engraving are the natural result of our Indian policy. We have taught the Indians to regard the whites as enemies. We have cheated, despoiled, and demoralized them, and now affect to be surprised when they turn upon us, and defend the integrity of their lands with all the brutality and cruelty of savage warfare.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that the Indian races should disappear before the advance of the whites; but it is discreditable to Christianity and civilization that the settlement and development of the regions occupied by the tribes should be accomplished only by the extermination of these races.

ALPINE TOURISTS.

On page 768 we give a series of character sketches among the Alps, the truth of which will be recognized at a glance by every one who has climbed their dizzy heights, and had the names of the celebrated lakes, peaks, and water-falls burned into the well-used alpenstock. The different varieties of travelers to be encountered during a visit to these beautiful mountains are too numerous to invite description, and yet they may be roughly divided into two general classes—the active and energetic portion, who like to soar above the common herd, and look down from the eminences to which they attain with supreme contempt upon those below, and the less aspiring individuals, who smile in a superior way at the folly of the climbers, and say that nothing is gained by all the trouble and risks they incur.

It would certainly appear as if the latter had, to a certain extent, the best of the argument. Not only does the less ambitious tourist avoid the discomfort and danger that attend the ascent of the higher peaks, but there is a great deal of truth in the theory, so often propounded, that mountains are best seen from a distance. Then, again, there are valid reasons for suspecting that the indefatigable tourist who is always performing some difficult feat of mountaineering does it not from admiration of the grand scênes through which he hurries, but merely for the sake of reaching the summit as fast as he can, and then running down again, in order to be able to boast hereafter of having "done" such and such a celebrated mountain in a given length of time.

Among the travelers in the Alps to whom the giants of the mountain world are unattainable, but who show much endurance and perseverance in exploring those which they can overcome, are the ladies. It is true that there are some rare exceptions who have braved the dangers and made the ascent of peaks considered scarcely accessible to men; but on a sort of border-land between the forbidden ground of danger and the beaten paths of safety there are a host of fine glacier passes and high snow mountains that a lady may venture to explore without exposing herself to undue risks. All that is required to meet the comparatively slight difficulties of these excursions are strength, health, the habit of taking exercise, and a perfectly steady head. Any lady possessing these qualifications, and taking with her always one, and in some cases two, first-rate guides, may make an endless number of delightful tours among the higher Alps. But on no account should she venture to take even the smallest trip independently; for she is far safer on a difficult broken glacier under the protection of a careful guide than when climbing by herself over comparatively easy grass slopes. It is impossible to tell when the incline may just reach the point where she will be unable to retain her footing, and an impulsive grasp for some coveted flower may cause her to lose her balance and her life.

Whatever reports travelers have brought from the Alps concerning the extortions of hotel-keepers and the discomforts to be endured while sojourning at these mountain inns, they are all unanimous in commending the politeness and fidelity of the guides. These men are untiring in their efforts and inexhaustible in their resources to smooth away all discomforts, and make things go pleasantly. They can convert an unpromising rock or part of a field of snow into a snug little camping-ground on which to partake of the mid-day meal. They never look tired of the mountains or passes over which they toil so often, but join cheerfully in admiring their beauties; and with ladies their patience and good temper are admirable, even when annoyed with what must appear to them the extreme of awkwardness and incapacity. Many of these men are of rough exterior; yet, perhaps from having mixed so much with their superiors in station, they have acquired a certain refinement which keeps them from offending.

The Swiss Alps, more than any others, are too dangerous to be trifled with by the inexperienced tourist. Hidden dangers abound even where the prospect looks the fairest; and here the terrible accidents occur which are less the fault of the mountains than of the temerity displayed by those who, knowing nothing, fear nothing. The snow is so crisp and pleasant under foot, the sky is so clear and blue overhead, the light mountain air is so exhilarating to the spirits, that it is thought to be a bore to have one's movements impeded by the usual appendage of fifty or sixty feet of rope, which obliges each one of the party to follow in the other's footsteps, and to keep his distance with tiresome regularity, instead of wandering hither and thither as the fancy seizes him. Unfortunately too many of the guides sympathize in this feeling, and either neglect or postpone the moment of putting on the rope until reminded of its necessity by some more careful member of the party. It is sometimes urged that the crevasses are small, or that their locality is well known, and they are not yet reached; but it is far better to disregard such information, and insist upon the adjustment of the constraining safeguard; for it should never be forgotten that these seemingly secure snow-fields are generally more or less interspersed by deep cracks in the underlying ice, of which frequently not a sign appears upon the surface. Before he is even aware that he has made a misstep, the unsuspecting pedestrian may fall into one of their ghastly depths, from which rescue is always most difficult, and in many cases impossible.

There is a fascination about the Alps that brings to them people of all classes and all countries. The clergyman, the lawyer, the man of business, as well as the artist, the scientist, and the irresponsible butterflies of fashion, all respond to the secret spell that draws them toward these wondrous works of nature. For each the mountains hold a separate source of pleasure. To the geologist they are a mine of knowledge, as he reads in their stony records the marvelous history of the past. The botanist may wander to his heart's content for hours and days through their green labyrinths, and affix imposing names to the simple wild flowers until our little friends that adorn the way-side are no longer to be recognized under their haughty Latin appellations. The sportsman may take his rifle, and, clambering to the haunts of the fleet-footed chamois, shoot him—if he can. Of the climbers enough has already been said, except that these all-accommodating mountains give constant employment to the five Alpine clubs of Europe all through the summer days, providing their members with an unlimited assortment of expeditions, safe or the reverse, according to their choice. And for ordinary walkers they have ordinary walks, while there are good mules and strong porters for those who will not walk at all.